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### UNSATISFIED.

BY NORA O'NEILL.

Others give me words of praise,
Kindly laud my simple laya,
Some, who never saw my face,
Send to me with ready grace,
Praise too high for my slight skill—
But your voice is silent still.

Others bid me onward press,
Resting not in lowliness.
"Rise on still untiring wings,
Seeking higher, nobler things,
Not in sunless valleys grope."
—You have never bid me hope.

I would cast aside the praise
Others give me—I would raise
From my brow the poet crown,
Fling it in the wayside down,
Tread the lowest life path through,
For one word of praise from you!

# A Bitter Reckoning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY CROOKED PATHS," "BRED IN THE BONE," "CROSS PURPOSES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was rather annoying to Pelling that just now when he was anxious to make the most of his chance with Ethel, her father's absence prevented his carrying out his design. He fretted and fumed impatiently over Mr. Mallett's letter—telling of his enforced absence for a week—when he first received it; and then, seeing the uselessness of repining, he set about making plans for relieving Ethel's loneliness.

He wrote her a letter, telling her he regretted now more than ever that he had neither mother nor sisters, nor even a stray aunt, as, if he had, he would press them into playing propriety, and carry her off a prisoner to spend the week at the Wigwam. Then he made appointments at the publisher's, always taking care to arrive before her, and generally, after putting her into a cab, returning for a last ten minutes' chat with Mr. Bramwell before starting himself. Then there was usually either a letter—on business, of course—or a novel by the morning post; and later on in the day would arrive a box of lovely loose blossoms or a basket of late grapes and peaches. So Ethel was always being pleasantly reminded that her happiness was the chief object of one person's life, and the knowledge comforted her exceedingly.

Meanwhile Mr. Mallett was having rather a hard time of it. He arrived in Paris on Sunday morning, and the wedding was to take place on the following Wednesday.

This gave him but three clear days to get to the obscure Spanish town—of which he did not even know the whereabouts—hunt up the evidence of his niece's death and telegraph the news in time to stop the ceremony.

As he thought over the business calmly, he came to the conclusion that success on this point was decidedly doubtful; but it was possible, and he determined to strain every nerve to achieve it. For, in a careless sort of way, he was partial to stupid, blundering, weak-minded Jack, and he would be sorry to see him the victim of an unscrupulous adventuress.

After a weary two days' struggle with railway-officials and time-tables, he reached Madrid on Tuesday in the cool blush of the early morning, very fagged, but determined to go on.

He had made a friend of the guard, glad to find some one who spoke French—for his Spanish was doubtful from long disuse—and on the arrival of the train they went off together to the inquiry-office to find out means to reach the obscure town of Villa Silentio.

The station-master, half asleep, and wholly angry at being routed out of bed at such an hour in the morning, at first denied all knowledge of a place of that name; but, when the guard reminded him that such things as reference-books of the railway-routes were issued for his especial enlightenment, his manner changed, and he proceeded to do his best on Mr. Mallett's behalf.

"It is here, you see," he said in Spanish, putting his fat finger on a spot in the map. "Senor cannot leave Madrid until half-past nine; he will then have two hours' railway-ride, and then an hour and a half by coach over not the very best of roads. Senor will remember to leave the train at Bassillia and inquire for the coach for Villa Silentio."

Mr. Mallett looked at his watch. It was a quarter to six; he would have time for three hours' rest. Thanking the friendly guard for his good services, he tossed his small bag and rug on the nearest hack-carriage and drove off to a hotel.

His mind was full of memories as he drove through the quiet streets. He remembered that the last time he saw Madrid he was on a sketching-tour through Spain. That was in his father's lifetime, and he had good credit at the banker's. Life then appeared full of bright possibilites, and the thought of ever having to work for his living had not presented itself to him. Now how different things were with him! His thoughts were very sober ones when the lumbering conveyance drew up with a jerk at the hotel door.

It seemed to Mr. Mallett, travel-worn with his forty-eight hours' bustle and rattle that he had not positively closed his eyes when the boots aroused him by thundering at his bed-room door.

"It is now nine. Senor has a quarter to dress in, ten minutes for his breakfast, and five minutes to catch his train."

And at one o'clock Mr. Mallett, feeling as if his senses had been shaken out of him by the last hour over that never-to-be-forgotten road, found himself standing in the market-place of Villa Silentio, with the hot mid-day sun beating down on him, feeling more completely alone and helpless than he ever remembered to have felt before.

"I am afraid I made a mistake in coming myself," he said to the market-clock, as he stood in front of it. "You see a man of fifty-seven is not so quick and apt in adapting himself to circumstances as a younger man would be; and in the humdrum life of the last twenty years I have lost all my old *savoir-faire* that would have served me so well now."

The place looked very desolate. There was an old man in a broad-brimmed hat crossing one corner of the open square, and a half-starved-looking hen was clucking noisily to her brood of hungry chicks; but beyond these there was no sign of life that he could see.

The sun lay in yellow patches on the ill-paved square, half cobbles and half-baked mud, and the ragged awnings of a few poor stalls, deserted just now, hung down as if they dared not flutter for fear of attracting attention to their dirt and poverty.

For two or three minutes Mallett stood listening to the distant rumbling of the coach-wheels, and, great as had been his suffering during the drive, he almost wished himself back again on the awful machine, instead of here in this death-like place. He wondered if he should ever be able to get away from it again? He almost thought not.

He shook off the dreamy feeling of unreality that possessed him, and crossed to a deserted-looking house on the shady side of the square, where a sign-board from which all vestige of paint had long since passed away, hung over the door, seeming to denote a house of entertainment.

He pushed open the door, and it swung to behind him without a noise. He was in a large stone-flagged room which occupied the whole depth of the house, the opposite end opening on to a crazy verandah crumbling under the weight of luxuriant creepers, through which there were glimpses of a weed-grown enclosure beyond.

With all his artistic tastes, Mr. Mallett was at heart a practical Englishman, and his business instincts were offended by the apathy of the whole place, more especially by the unbusiness-like aspect of apparently the only hotel in the town.

He stamped up and down the stone floor, and shouted until the stones echoed his voice. At the end of ten minutes a sallow face, surrounded by turbulent masses of frizzy black hair, leaned over the hand-rail of the stairs that led up to the next floor, and an angry voice, in a most incomprehensible *patois*, inquired what all the uproar was about. Here was a new difficulty! If Mr. Mallett could not understand them, how could he expect them to understand him?

The woman above looked at him in unmoved surprise for a moment, and then, muttering something in which he caught only the word "stranger" uttered in a tone of extreme astonishment, disappeared. Mr. Mallett, concluding that he had interrupted the *siesta*, quietly sat down to wait until she should have made herself presentable.

In about five minutes the sallow hair reappeared, and the woman began to apologize profusely.

Mr. Mallett stood politely silent, hat in hand, until she seemed to have ended her speech, when he presented the envelope given him by Babetto, with the name and address of the photographer of the gravestone.

The talkative lady took it over to the light and spelt it out laboriously, and then turned again to Mr. Mallett and rattled off another incomprehensible speech, interspersed with numberless ejaculations of astonishment.

Seeing at last that he did not understand a word of what she was saying, she pointed to the address in her hand and said slowly in Spanish—

"My father!"

Mr. Mallett understood that, for, pointing in his turn to the envelope, he asked—

"Where?"

She smiled pleasantly, motioned to him to re-seat himself, and went upstairs, looking once or twice over her shoulder to nod and smile at him reassuringly. Could it be that the man he was in search of was here in this house—that, just when he was beginning to believe he should fail, Fate changed her mood, and was going to be kind to him?

He could hear an animated conversation going on somewhere in the rooms above, and he recognized the voice of the woman and the tones of a man; but he could gather no meaning from the rapidly-flowing speech.

Presently there came down to him an elderly Spaniard, with something of the dandy still clinging to him in the shape of waxed moustache and perfumed hair. Still the signs of decay that abounded throughout the place showed themselves even here in the ancient fop's frayed jacket and well-worn shoes.

To Mr. Mallett's surprise and relief, he at once opened the conversation in passable French.

"Monsieur wishes to see me? He has evidently come a long way for that purpose. I am charmed, flattered, and abashed all at one time—charmed and flattered to receive any one who comes a distance to pay homage to art, and abashed to have to receive him in this manner." An eloquent shrug and a glance at his shabby clothes emphasised his words.

"Not quite that," began Mr. Mallett; but the senor's apologies were not to be cut short.

"Pardon," he interrupted, more with the airy volubility of a Frenchman than the staid dignity of a Spaniard. "I must first explain how it is you find me thus before my mind know rest; it is due to myself."

"But I assure you," again began Mr. Mallett, in a last effort to check the recital of family misfortunes which his instinct told him was coming; but the old man put up his right hand and proceeded—

"You know already I am Senor Castellan, an aristocrat by the accident of birth, an artist by the gift of Heaven; but you did not know that I am now a beggar by the decree of Fate. *N'importe*. I live still; and to live is itself a greater happiness than perhaps one deserves. You have no doubt come here out of curiosity to see the man whose name is famous in the French *salons* and you marvel to find him such a one as you now see. I explain the seemingly incomprehensible thus. On my return from my art-studies in Paris to the home of my fathers, I decided to resign painting—at the best a niggardly mistress to serve—and set up my studio as a photographic artist here in this town, where such a thing as photography was unheard of. Monsieur understands the charm of novelty, so he will not be surprised to hear I made a great success. I worked all day, and at night I ate, drank and enjoyed myself. I thought I had found your goose with the golden eggs, and the future troubled me not at all; then in an unlucky moment, was proposed a line of railway through this province. It was decided to carry it through Bassillia—but twelve miles from here—instead of through this place, which in the past owed all prosperity to the fact of its being one of the principle posting-towns on the high road to the North. That decision settled the future of Villa Silentio. The trade and prosperity of the place, and with it my practice as an artist in photography, dwindled year by year, until at last I gave up in despair six years ago, and came here to end my days among my daughter's children. Monsieur is a man of the world: he will see how blameless is my present poverty; fate has been too strong for me."

He put his hand on his heart, and bowed with the air of a prince. His belief that Mr. Mallett had come to visit and compliment art in his person was so evidently genuine that that sensitive gentleman felt almost unhappy to have to undeceive him; but time was pressing. He had none for the observation of unnecessary politeness.

"I have listened to you, senor; you will now give me my turn and listen to me."

He took the little photograph from his pocket-book and then held it towards Castellan.

"I believe you took that picture. If you retired from business six years ago, that must have been taken during the last few months of your practice, as the date on the stone is only a few months over six years from the present time; so you will not have much trouble in recollecting all about it. Now I want you to tell me where the grave of which that is a picture is to be found, how you came to take the photograph, whom you took it for, and any other circumstances you can remember in connection with it."

The Spaniard leaned forward with his hands on his knees to look at the photograph, but he did not attempt to touch it. He stared at it earnestly while Mr. Mal-

lett was speaking, and, when he had finished, he looked up with a scared face as he answered—

"I said something was wrong about that affair at the time, and now my words are coming to pass. That, Monsieur, is the only grave I photographed during my career, so I am not likely to forget it. I did not like the job, I can assure you; I have an antipathy to graves and coffins and all that reminds me of death, and I would not have taken that picture for untold gold, but that I was enslaved by the beauty of the lady who asked me to do it. Monsieur has not seen such another—tall, shapely, with eyes, hair and skin perfect, and her voice soft and sweet like a summer bell. She coaxed me to do it against my will, and I crept into the convent graveyard one morning at three o'clock with camera, before even the busy sisters were out of their cells, and took the picture for her. You may see how imperfect the picture is, how many blemishes it has, and you must not judge of my usual work by it, for my hand shook with fear——"

The soul of the artist was ousting the shade of the aristocrat.

Mr. Mallett was by this time too eager to stand a second recital.

"Never mind the blemishes, Senor Castellan," he interrupted. "The photograph is good enough for my purpose. I want you now to tell me the name of the lady who gave you the order, and the name of the convent where the grave is, with directions for getting there."

Castellan's hands went up in dismay.

"You cannot get there! It would be sacrilege. No man is permitted to enter the gates but on two days in the week for a couple of house at visiting-time, you understand, when the holy sisters are all shut in their cells at prayers."

"Still I must get to see that grave before sunset to-night, and I will give two hundred francs to any one who will help me."

"Two hundred francs! It is a large sum here in Villa Silentio. There is a working lay sister who does the errands for the convent-ladies, with whom I am acquainted, who might be induced——"

He paused thoughtfully.

"That is settled then. And now how far is it, and how are we to get there?" Mr. Mallett asked, rising briskly from his chair.

Castellan then motioned him back to his seat.

"You must leave this to me entirely, monsieur. One ill-considered step might balk your plan, and rob Sister Maria and me of our reward. It must be done during vespers, if at all; and in the meantime I must see the good sister and make my plans. It is now two o'clock; at a quarter-past six you must be ready to accompany me; and, if I might advise refreshment and rest before we start on our expedition, monsieur would be more fitted for it."

"One moment," said Mr. Mallett, as Castellan rose to call his daughter to their guest. "Tell me the name of the convent before you go."

"It is called the convent of the Holy Assumption, and it is but five minutes' walk from here."

"And the name of the lady who ordered that photograph?"

"Ah, that I never know! Sister Maria managed all the business part of the affair, as she will do now, and the lady's name was never mentioned."

The young woman, looking quite smartened, now brought in a tray with bread, eggs, fruit, and a thin long-necked bottle of golden-colored wine upon it.

Senor Castellan went through the front door into the market-place, pausing on the threshold, with his finger on his lip to say—

"Until six and a quarter then, au revoir!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

MR. MALLETT did not get much sleep while awaiting Senor Castellan's return. His mind was too busy digesting what he had just heard. Putting two and two together, bearing in mind the fact that the senor's description of his beautiful customer tallied exactly with that given of the so-called Pauline Mailing by Jack Dornton, and that the photograph taken by Castellan was afterwards found in that lady's possession, his belief in the imposture was naturally strengthened, and his impatience to visit the grave and see for himself the evidence of his niece's death increased every moment. At last he heard the convent bell strike six; and with a feeling of relief, he rose and went down-stairs.

He found the senor waiting below, looking triumphant, but cautious. There were several loungers about, enjoying the comparative cool of the evening, and Mr. Mallett and Castellan passed through the room and out of the house without exchanging a word.

But once safely outside, the senor, who was brimming over with pleasant self-importance, rapidly unfolded the plans which Sister Maria and he had concocted for Mr. Mallett's admittance to the convent burying-ground.

"I shall point out the gate by which monsieur will enter; after that, the rest must depend on monsieur's sagacity and on the exactness with which he carries out my directions. Sister Maria would have nothing to do with you direct; but she will arrange matters so that you can enter the convent by yourself and obtain a view of the tomb. As good fortune will have it, the lady-superior is to-day entertaining a very high dignitary of the Church, and some of the lay sisters are excused from vespers for the purpose of superintending the dinner. Monsieur will envelop himself in Sister Maria's cloak, and, if he is seen from the chapel-windows, they will conclude it is but one of the sisters crossing the graveyard to gather herbs from the garden which lies beyond."

Then followed a list of directions, to which Mr. Mallett paid the closest attention; and, as the old Spaniard concluded, they came within sight of the convent of the Holy Assumption. It was a large square stone building, the massive walls being relieved by small heavily-barred windows, giving the place more the appearance of a fortress or a prison than a convent.

A substantial stone wall eight feet high enclosed it on all sides, and on the east front were massive iron gates boarded high above the line of sight to shield the sacred precincts from the vulgar gaze.

Farther on, on the west side, was a very small wicket, almost hidden under the masses of ivy that hung half way to the ground. This door was the one used by the lay sisters when doing their errands, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance-hall.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to directions from Castellan—who was lurking among the brushwood about fifty yards down the road—he gave a low quick triple knock three times over, and then waited with his eyes on his watch until five minutes had passed.

The bells ceased ringing. This was the moment agreed on, and he pushed the door gently: it yielded, and the next moment he found himself in the dim light of a long narrow passage.

He stooped and lifted a snuff-colored garment that lay at his feet. It was the huge cloak of a lay sister. He wrapped himself in the capacious garment, carefully drawing the hood well over his head.

Having taken off his boots, he went stealthily along the passage, across a large stone-flagged entrance-hall, and passed out of what he had been told was the main entrance into the enclosure beyond. He paused here a moment and looked about him attentively.

In a line with him stood the chapel on the extreme right, the door of which was open; and he saw the backs of the sisters as they knelt at their devotions. He caught a gleam of gorgeous color as the clear evening light fell through the east window upon the vestments of the priests at the high altar, and a faint odor of incense crept out upon the air.

He drew the hood still closer over his beard and crossed the open space to the other side of the chapel. Here he had to pass a whole line of windows, and the profiles of the nuns were turned towards him. He now shortened his stride and drooped his shoulders the better to perform the part he was assuming, and passed on without a glance to the right or to the left. As soon as the windows were passed, he raised his head and looked around again. He was at the edge of the burying-ground, and over in the extreme corner under the walls he saw the stone he had come in search of. He recognized it by the semi-circular top—there was not another like it in the enclosure—and his heart quickened a little as he picked his way across the graves.

* * * * *

The sunset sky had changed from crimson to saffron, from saffron to a clear pearly gray, and still the brown cloak stood motionless before the headstone in the far corner of the convent graveyard.

Mr. Mallett had received a shock that had entirely banished his pre-conceived ideas; and the new beliefs that crowded upon him were so conflicting and confusing that for a time he was overwhelmed with perplexity.

"Pauline Pelling. Died May 29th, 18—."

He read the simple inscription over and over again; the more he pondered it the less he understood how it was that he had been decoyed by fate into this fruitless journey.

Why should his niece, Pauline Mailing, have a picture of the grave of Pauline Pelling in her possession?—for he no longer doubted that the lady reigning at Mallingford Park was his niece, and concluded that this was the grave of some other person—presumably the wife of his friend Captain Pelling.

He remembered the Captain's impressive little story of his unhappy marriage and premature denouement; and Mr. Mallett had no doubt whatever that he was now standing by the grave of that gentleman's wife.

Still the question kept repeating itself, Why should his niece—of the same Christian name too—treasure up this picture of Mrs. Pelling's grave? He smiled to himself at the freak of fortune that ordained the obliteration of just the first two letters of the surname, and wondered at the insignificance of the trifle that had drawn him from England on such a wild-goose chase.

Sister Maria, to all appearance busy over her stew pans in the kitchen, was working herself into a fever of fright. She expected the exhortation to finish directly, and then the sisters would wander all about the grounds, and her mysterious visitor would be discovered.

She quaked with fear as the consequence of her conduct presented themselves to her imagination. She had seen the brown cloak flit noiselessly past the half-closed kitchen door a quarter of an hour before; but she was sure it had not yet gone back.

At last, unable to bear the anxiety any longer, she decided that she must at all risks go and warn the man away before harm came of his dilatoriness. Catching up a basket and muttering a few words about garnishing to the other busy sisters, she started for the graveyard. She hurried along, keeping well out of sight of the sisters at their devotions, until she reached the corner.

"Come away at once! You will be discovered; and I shall die of the severity of my penance!" she said in an earnest whisper.

Mr. Mallett was startled for a moment.

"You are the sister who helped Castellan to admit me?"

"Yes; but, for pity's sake, come away now, or we shall all be ruined!"

There was no mistaking the terror in the poor woman's face; and he started at once. They walked quickly over the grass; but, for all his hurry, Mr. Mallett managed to ask two questions and get two replies before they reached the small door by which he had entered.

"What sort of a person was that Pauline Pelling who lies buried there?" he then asked.

"She was a mere babe, only three months old. She was born in this convent and died in my arms."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Mallett, gazing at her in blank astonishment.

Sister Maria was hurrying him along the narrow passage, for every moment now might lead to discovery.

"And its mother?" he gasped.

"Was the beautiful fair lady for whom Senor Castellan took the view of the grave just before she set out for England."

And before Mr. Mallett had recovered from this last surprise he found himself outside the door, with his boots on the path beside him, his brain in a whirl of conflicting thoughts.

"Pelling has by some means jumped to the conclusion, or been led to it intentionally perhaps, that his wife died in this convent and is buried here, while in truth it is his child's grave, and his wife is still living; and according to the present aspect of affairs, Pelling's wife and Pauline Mailing are evidently one! And she Pauline Mailing, or Pelling, or whatever she is, is going to be married to Dornton to-morrow morning, and she has one husband still alive? After all, if this turns out true—and it looks very like it—I shall resume my rightful position at Mallingford, for this girl has disobeyed the clause in Paul's will about not marrying without Summers' consent. And, by George, that provides the motive for her conduct! She knew, if her husband found her, she would be compelled to resign the estate. Well, she has played a successful game so far, it is my innings now!"

And that evening Mr. Mallett, who had not been across a horse for nearly twenty years rode the twelve miles of execrable road lay between Villa Silentio and Bassilia, and prepared and delivered personally several telegrams to be despatched directly the office opened in the morning.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE eighteenth of September was a damp comfortless morning, and Mallingford Park looked particularly desolate. The sky was of a dull gray, and the rain drizzled steadily all the day through.

Babette was busy in Miss Mailing's dressing-room. It was half-past nine o'clock, and she had just returned from seeing her mistress off by train. None of the guests were astir yet, and the house was unusually silent, as it was likely to be for some hours.

The ball of the previous night had been exceedingly spirited, and was not concluded until nearly six o'clock, so that the visitors would not be likely to be astir very early.

Babette was to join her mistress at Charing-Cross Station with the luggage at half-past two, and, though her mind was full of tormenting doubts as to the day's events, she went about her business as methodically as though nothing unusual had happened.

Tenderly and carefully she folded up the elaborate gown of cream-colored satin, with its draperies of thick costly lace and its superb bouquets of deep crimson blossoms, in which Miss Mailing delighted the eyes of her admirers at the ball.

Very circumspectly she placed the magnificent diamonds and rubies, with which her mistress had adorned her shapely throat and arms, in their cases, and then packed them in a small oaken box with steel clamps. Then she went round the room with her keys and locked and strapped the traveling-trunks one after another. That done, she sat down to wait, she knew not for what.

* * * * * *

Captain Pelling received a telegram at a quarter to eleven that morning which filled him with surprise and curiosity. It ran—

"At all risks get to Bishopsgate Church in time to see a wedding fixed for this morning, and obtain a good view of the bride's face."

The telegram had been despatched from Bassilia, and he remembered the name as that of the nearest railway-station to the convent where he had found his wife's grave. Without knowing why, he felt that he must obey the telegram, and he pulled on his boots, snatched a hat from the stand as he rushed through the hall, and was just in time to catch the eleven-o'clock express for Waterloo. On arriving at his destination, Captain Pelling ran his eyes rapidly down the cab-rank within the station, picked out the smartest-looking horse, sprang into the cab, and called through the trap to the driver—

"A sovereign if you reach Bishopsgate Church by twenty minutes to twelve!"

The horse justified his good opinion, and the drive was accomplished in good time. The church doors were open, and a four-wheeled cab was waiting outside. He crept in very quietly walked up the aisle, not wishing to disturb the service, for he did not know what he was there for save to see the bride's face. He judged rightly that his future conduct was to be guided by that inspection.

The church was cold and gloomy this miserable morning, and a few persons were scattered here and there among the seats, attracted possibly more by curiosity than interest.

As Pelling advanced, he was struck by the subdued richness of the bride's costume, and he was not a little surprised at the absence of the usual attendants—for the old lady standing behind the bride evidently filled the office of pew-opener. The bride and bridegroom were a fine couple, the man being quite six feet high, while the lady was also well proportioned.

Pelling went quietly along the chancel until he reached the end nearest to the altar, and then he waited for the bride to turn her face towards him.

The clergyman's voice went on with the service—

"Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

Then for the first time, she turned towards Pelling. Her expression was one of unmixed rapture as she raised her eyes to the bridegroom's, and her lips were unclosed to speak the words "I will," when she became aware of Pelling's fixed stare of horror. His gaze attracted hers involuntarily, and she looked instinctively over Jack's shoulder in his direction.

Jack, wondering what was the matter, and fearing that she was going to faint prompted her with the short answer. She did not speak, but continued to gaze over his shoulder at the man who had so unaccountably riveted her attention. Her under-jaw dropped spasmodically, her eyes became as fixed as those she was gazing into, and every vestige of life and color left her face.

The next thing Jack seemed to realize was that a gentleman wearing a light overcoat was speaking quietly to the astonished clergyman, and suggesting that the lady should be taken to the vestry, as she was evidently very ill.

The scattered congregation looked at each other in wondering curiosity as the bridal party disappeared. They lingered a while until the old pew-opener returned and begged them to depart, as she desired to close the church.

Pauline, with a dull dazed despair in her eyes, sat in the vestry, listening to, without understanding, the conversation of the three men grouped around her.

"I am extremely sorry to have caused this *esclandre*," Pelling said, in answer to the clergyman's request for an explanation; "but it would have been criminal to allow the matter to go farther, for the lady is my wife."

"Your wife!" echoed Jack incredulously.

"Yes, sir, my wife!" Pelling replied, with the least touch of *hauteur*. "I have believed her to be dead for the last six years—in fact, I believed it so thoroughly that I should not have believed my eyes this morning if her own conduct had not betrayed her. It is possible that she thought I was dead, as I have been in Central Africa for several years; and I understand the expedition of which I was a member has been three or four times reported in the newspapers as completely exterminated."

"And how came you to present yourself so opportunely this morning?" asked the clergyman.

"That is more than I understand myself at present; but I think it is due to accidental discoveries made in Spain by a friend of mine who has gone thither on business of his own."

"Interposition of providence!" murmured the divine.

"Possibly," said Pelling—"though how it happens that I have been led to believe in my wife's death all these years and never found out my mistake before I cannot understand."

"Miss Mailing took her mother's name when she inherited the estate; perhaps that may explain matters," put in Jack.

"What estate?" asked Pelling sharply.

"It is all too long to discuss now," Jack answered; "but no doubt the change of name accounts for your ignorance of your wife's existence."

"So you have been a rich woman, Pauline?" he said, turning to her kindly. He did not know yet how far this estrangement had been intentional on her part, and he would give her the benefit of the doubt. "I too have fallen on prosperous times. Now what are you going to do? Shall I see you home? Or shall I call on you to-morrow, when you will be quieter and calmer? Or will you come and look at my little place now?"

Then for the first time, Pauline raised her head; and again Jack saw the expression of the carved tigor's heads as she answered her husband—

"I will not accompany you anywhere; I would much sooner kill myself—for I hate you!"

The shocked clergyman would have spoken; but Pelling stopped him courteously but firmly.

"You must pardon me; but this is my affair, as you must acknowledge, and mine only."

Then, turning to the raging woman, he went on—

"In these circumstances further discussion would be useless;" and only Jack, who was watching him closely, guessed what wonderful self-control he was exerting to keep himself from exposing and upbraiding the faithless woman to whom he spoke. "I will give you the address of my solicitor, and all future communications must be made through him."

He wrote the address on a leaf of his pocket-book, tore it out, and placed it on the table beside her.

"And now, Mrs. Pelling, may I see you to your cab?"

She rose and drew herself up very defiantly.

"You have forgotten the address," Pelling said.

"I shall not require it, thank you."

"Very good. I shall know all I want to know nevertheless."

She swept from the vestry; and Pelling followed her in polite attendance. He returned in a few seconds.

"And now, Mr. Dornton," he said, "if you will favor me with your company, I shall be very glad to give and receive explanations."

After wishing the clergyman "Good morning," the two men jumped into the cab which brought Pelling from the station, and drove to an hotel.

They talked on indifferent subjects until they were in possession of a private room and the waiter had finally retired, after receiving orders for luncheon in half an hour. Then Pelling turned to Jack and began slowly—

"It seems to me that you and I are fated to cross each other's paths, Mr. Dornton. I have heard you spoken of pretty often lately by Mr. Mallett, a particular friend of mine."

"Indeed!" said Jack uncomfortably, not relishing this sudden and intentional introduction of the Malletts' name; for, since his conversation with Lord Summers, Jack felt less proud than ever of his own share in the rupture with Ethel. He thought too that Mr. Pelling would not have very much to his credit from that source.

"I see what you are thinking," Pelling observed; "but you are wrong. Mr. Mallett has spoken of you to me only as a promising man in your profession. The other matter that is in your mind I took the liberty of finding out for myself. Now I have a proposition to make to you."

Pelling paused and looked attentively at the young man. He knew there was not much generosity in giving Ethel up, as he could not marry her himself during the lifetime of his wife, and, having plenty of true manliness, he did not mean to make any show of the miserable pain that was gnawing at his heart; but he felt he should like to know what sort of man this was whose path he intended to smooth for him as far as lay in his power; and, while he thought of this, the memory of Ethel's face pained and sorrowful as he saw it when she made to him her confession of love for this Dornton came suddenly before him, and he knew that the greatest kindness he could do her would be to restore her faithless lover.

"You must be patient with me, and not accuse me of impertinence, when you hear what I have to say, for I really want to do you the best turn you ever had done you in all you life."

He stopped again, and took a few turns across the room.

Jack wondered if his present labored style of talking was usual with him; he spoke as if the utterance of each word cost him a pang. Presently he stopped in front of Jack, and said abruptly—

"You have nearly broken poor Ethel's heart."

Jack flushed furiously, and half rose from his chair. Pelling motioned to him to keep calm.

"I asked you to be patient with me," he reminded Jack. "My motive should excuse me to you. The pith of the whole matter is this—was the engagement between you and Ethel broken off in consequence of your infatuation for my wife, or had you ceased to care for her before you met Pauline? As man to man, I ask you for a truthful answer."

"I can't for the life of me understand by what right," began Jack hotly.

"For Heaven's sake, don't waste time in splitting straws when so much is at stake!" Pelling said impetuously. "You can't understand my right to interfere? I will explain. I love Ethel Mallett as I never loved, never shall love, never believed it possible to love; and until this morning I had the hope of making her my wife some day, when she had time to forget you and your cowardly brutality. Forgive me, I did not mean to touch on that part of the business. Let us stick to our point. I think my love for her gives me the right to do what I can to secure her happiness; and I believe—nay, I am sure, her happiness rests with you. I can't have her myself, or I do not think I could be unselfish enough to give her up. I might; but I don't think it. Now, to return to our point, was your infatuation for my wife the only cause of the estrangement between you two?"

Jack was greatly impressed, as he understood now why Pelling spoke with so much effort, and he felt touched by his devotion. Added to this was the feeling of shame that had oppressed him ever since his talk with Lord Summers.

"Come, you needn't mind confessing your weakness to me," Pelling went on encouragingly. "Bless you, man, I know how Pauline can twist any man round her finger if she likes to try! I suppose she was smitten with you, and spread her nets to snare you, and you, not seeing the snare, found yourself passionately enamored of her without knowing how it happened. And I daresay, if the truth were known, when the first mad burst was over, and you thought out things quietly, you would have given a good deal never to have seen her at all, and wished you had behaved differently to Miss Mallett."

Jack jumped up, with his face beaming, and wrung Pelling's hand.

"I could not say it myself, but that is really just how it has been with me. I am not good at expressing my feelings; but I know you are behaving very well to me—much better than I deserve—and I thank you. And now what do you wish me to do for you?"

"Go right away for a few months. Write to me now and again, and I will take care that Miss Mallett hears whatever is likely to be of use to you. Give her time to forget the indignity you have put on her and her love. I shall be at hand in the character of a benevolent patriarch, and the moment I see signs favorable to our plot I will bring about a meeting. The rest will lie with yourself."

"How can I thank you?"

"You owe me no thanks. Relieve your mind on that point. What I am doing I do out of my sincere wish for Miss Mallett's happiness. If you really think you owe me anything, pay it in kindness to your wife after you are married. Here is luncheon. We will talk by-and-by of your immediate plans."

When they had finished luncheon, and Jack had left, Pelling lay down on the hard horsehair sofa, with his hands under his head, gazing steadfastly at the ceiling; and it was not until the evening, when the waiter came to light the gas, that he was roused from his deep reverie. He then pulled himself together, called for his bill, and, having settled it, went out into the wretched night.

* * * * *

When Pauline left her husband at the church door, she knew that her scheming had been futile, and that she could never again show her face at Mallingford; but it was not that which caused her the agony of mind she was suffering.

She had lost Jack. The one pure unselfish cup of joy she had longed to taste had been snatched from her lips at the very moment of raising. She was stunned with despair.

Why had her poverty-stricken husband, whom she had had sufficient excuse for believing dead all these years, lived to bring this misery on her? she asked herself vainly; but she had no thought for the possible hardships he might have undergone during those six years which she had passed so luxuriously.

The future stretched before her, a long dreary monotonous waste, and she saw herself left unloved and unloving. She had made up her mind to lead a good unselfish life with Jack, to try to be more open, more honest and straightforward than she had been in the past.

She had over and over again pictured to herself the one stormy scene they would have after marriage, when she should tell him of her previous marriage and the deceit it had entailed, and she had dwelt with exquisite pleasure on the joy of their reconciliation, for how could Jack withstand her loving self-abasement, her pitiful appeal for pardon, and her hearty promises never to be guilty of another unworthy action? And then perhaps Jack, in his honest way, would insist upon Lord Summers' being told everything, and perhaps Mallingford might be taken from them!

But even then they would still have each other, and she would be a good helpmate and faithful wife to him, helping and encouraging him to cross the stony places that, more or less, form part of the path to fame for those who tread it.

But fate had been very cruel to her. She had hoped to atone her past life; but, as the opportunity had been denied her, she would finish in her own way, and fill her life with reckless rioting, and live so that she might have no spare moments to think of what might have been.

She would go back to the feverish excitement of her youth—she would go to Paris and gamble—do anything that offered the means of killing time and thought.

She paced up and down the platform at Charing-Cross Station, watching for Babette and concocting plans for obtaining what ready money she could before the grand *denouement* came.

She knew her jewels must be worth at least five thousand pounds, and, though some of them were heirlooms, and others had been bought with money obtained by her dishonesty; she would not scruple to apply them to her personal use.

Then she would draw at once two thousand from her bankers. She would go and do this personally lest they might scruple to pay so large a sum on a cheque. And so she laid her miserable plans, refusing to listen for one moment to the prompting of her better nature, which would even now suggest her return to the husband whose only sin had been his poverty.

## CHAPTER XVI.

NOTWITHSTANDING all Pelling's efforts, the story soon got into the newspapers, and, it being the dull season, was seized upon with avidity by the gossip-purveyors.

It was "dished" and "re-dished" day after day, with numberless distortions, exaggerations, and additions. One society-journal had it that the beautiful Miss M—— of M—— Park, in Exbridgeshire, had attempted to poison her husband, to whom she had been secretly married only a month or two in order to become the wife of a celebrated R.A., with whom she had fallen deeply in love; while another declared that the injured husband presented himself at the altar with pistols, and, dragging his would-be successor outside the sacred edifice, insisted upon a duel to the death there and then and wounded him dangerously in the shoulder, and that the unfortunate man now lay in a most critical condition, while the husband had carried off his reluctant bride, a veritable prisoner, on board his yacht, for a twelvemonth's cruise in the Pacific.

At last Pelling, annoyed beyond measure at these absurd stories, decided to lay bare the truth. With the assistance of his lawyer, he drew up a concise statement of the real facts, giving his own and Pauline's name in full, but suppressing Jack's. He carefully conveyed the idea that Pauline believed him to be dead, and gave the circumstance of her change of name as sufficient to account for his not having discovered her existence since his return from Africa.

This he sent to two of the daily newspapers; and, thus divested of all mystery, the story lost its charm, and no longer afforded any interest.

Pelling sent one of these newspapers, with his own letter specially distinguished, to Ethel by post; and the next morning he called in Buckingham Street to make matters clearer.

It was now a week since the interrupted wedding and Pauline's flight, and, strangely enough, he had not heard anything of the change in Mr. Mallett's circumstances. He had been fighting his own battle, and even yet he could hardly trust himself in Ethel's presence; he doubted if he had gained sufficient mastery over his feelings to enable him to act the part of the disinterested elderly friend. As he mounted the stairs, he remembered with pain how happy he was the last time he came down those same stairs, and he felt inclined to turn and fly.

But Ethel's frank candor once more overcame the difficulties of the situation; she stood at the top of the stairs with her hands outstretched and her face bright with friendly interest.

"I have been longing to see you," she began warmly, as they entered the room; "we have both so much that is wonderful to tell each other." She looked at him steadfastly as he stood in the light from the window, and what she saw in his face quickened her pulse with a sudden pity; but she would not give way to the impulse that urged her to console him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE MUSK-RAT.—The musk-rat of India is from six to eight inches long, of a slatish blue color, with a long, movable snout, and diminutive eyes. Its skin is very loose, and quite conceals the extremities, only allowing the feet to be seen. The formation occasions the peculiar pattering of its run. The tail, broad at its base, is pinkish, and bare of everything except a few hairs; ears are diminutive. Loathed and detested by all, this creature leads a charmed life; only a few dogs will kill it, and then there is always sneezing and a little foaming afterward. Cats follow, but will not touch it, it is, moreover, equally avoided by more aristocratic rats and mice.

As the animal runs along the wall of the room it emits a kind of self-satisfied purr, which, if alarmed, breaks into a squeak, and immediately the scent bottle is opened. If there is light to see the tiny creature, you will observe it scanning with its nose all parts of the horizon in search of what caused the alarm; the eyes apparently unequal to the task.

Musk-rats have a singular habit of always running along the walls of a room, never crossing from one wall to another; hence, as they are not swift movers, they are easily overtaken, and a blow from a cane instantly kills the animal. Traps are of little use in capturing these creatures, and if one is captured in a trap, it is forever useless as regards ordinary rats and mice, which won't approach it after being contaminated. "Muskies" are very omnivorous and very voracious.

During the rains the insect world is on the wing. If at this season you place a night-light on the ground near the boat of a musk-rat you will be amused in watching its antics in trying to catch some of the buzzers around the light, or those on the wall, and will be surprised at its agility. The captives are ruthlessly crunched, and the animal never seems satiated; at the same time, its enjoyment is evinced by its purring. Woe betide him, should another musky invade this happy hunting ground. War is at once proclaimed, and immediately the two are fighting for their lives, squeaking, snapping, biting, rolling over and over, and all the time letting off their awful scent bottles.

You, in a comparative distance, just escape the disgusting odor; but the insect invasion catches it full, and quickly leaves the scene. And so the fight goes on, until you happily catch both the combatants with one blow of your cane, and the horrid turmoil ceases; and having thrown open the doors to ventilate the room you are glad to retire to rest. Another anomaly pertains to this animal; though disgusting to others, it is not to itself; and it is one of the tidiest and most cleanly of animals.

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WHEN Adam and Eve raised Cain, they little thought that the grocers of the present generation would put sand in their sugar.

# Bric-a-Brac.

MÆCENAS.—This man was a wealthy Roman nobleman, a friend of Augustus, and a liberal patron of Virgil, Horace, Propertius, and other men of genius. The name is proverbially used to denote any munificent friend of literature.

EPILEPSY.—The Chinese regard an attack of epilepsy as the occupancy of a man's body by the spirit of an animal, usually a pig or a sheep. They try to keep such a spirit in by stuffing the patient's mouth with grass, for if it leaves before the return of the man's own spirit—which must be absent during the fit—the man will die.

THE HARE AND EASTER.—A contributor thus explains the significance of hares as an Easter symbol: "'Children are told in Germany that the hare lays Easter eggs. Thus eggs in the shops contain small hares with several smaller eggs, and others have eggs inside the hares.' Here is a sign of the hare as an Easter emblem. This German habit corroborates the statement of a friend of mine that he had read a German Easter story about children hunting for 'hares' eggs' at Easter."

STUMP MARKET.—Paris has a market for cigar stumps. It is open for business daily from 8 to 10 o'clock. The stumps are worth from fifteen to twenty-five cents per pound, according to length. The sellers are mostly poor old men and women and ragged gamins. Much of the tobacco thus scraped together is sold to workmen, and much is also said to be exported under the title of Tabac de Paris. There was an old man formerly who became so rich at this humble business of selling cigar stumps that he had an annual income of $3000.

"KITTY."—A great many years ago, the people of Egypt worshipped the cat. They thought the cat was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes change, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a bright little crescent, or half moon, as we say. So these people made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they give to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to *puss* or *puss*, the name which every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. But few know that it was given to her thousands of years ago.

NUTMEGS AND MACE.—These are the produce of a tree which is a native of the Malúccas, and is cultivated both in those islands and in Java, Sumatra, and the West Indies. The fruit of the tree resembles a peach in size and shape; when ripe it readily splits into two parts, showing the kernel or nutmeg surrounded by the mace in the form of a sheath. There are generally three gatherings in a summer, the first in July or August; the last, which yields the best crop, in April. The mace is red when gathered, but in drying becomes yellow; on removing the mace a shell is found, inside which is the nutmeg. The nutmegs, when gathered, are salted, and dipped into limewater to preserve them from insects.

QUICK WORK.—The miller who cuts and thrashes his wheat, grinds and has his good wife bake the same into biscuits in two minutes and a half must look to his laurels. An eastern lumber paper tells us that a party of lumber dealers from different States have been visiting the pineries of Northern Michigan. While at Hungerford, six miles from Big Rapids, it was proposed that a tree be cut down and its progress watched through to the lumber-yard. The tree chosen was two and a half miles from the mill. It was cut into four logs, taken to the mill on the tram road, dumped into the lake, drawn up by the slide, cut into lumber and the edges made into lath. From the time the axe first touched the tree until the last board was on the car ready for shipment was only 21¼ minutes.

A CITY OF GOLD.—The old fiction that certain cities lead so surely to fortune that they may be described as being paved with the precious metals, has been realized in a certain road in Clinton County, State of New York. A contractor had undertaken to repair this road, and employed for the purpose such clinkers and refuse as a neighboring smelting furnace conveniently afforded. Wayfarers along the improved thoroughfare soon began to notice certain glistening particles beneath their feet, which upon examination turned out to be pure silver. Inquiry into the matter showed that the ironstone used in the smelting furnace came from a mine traversed by an irregular vein of silver ore. No trouble had been taken to separate the one metal from the other, and the most valuable had been treated as waste.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—The potion taken by Juliet in Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was wine of the mandrago, a plant which grows in the isles of Greece. It is a drug equivalent to our deadly nightshade, though a little different in its effect. The Greek physicians made "death-wine" of it, and, it is very interesting to learn, employed it just as we do chloroform in the present day. "Before any persons were submitted to the cautery or the knife they took a draught of this, and the operation was performed while they were under the influence of the wine, the formula of which remains to this day as the ancient physicians gave it." Some years ago, an eminent American doctor says he had some of the root brought him from Greece, and he was able to make some of the wine and give evidence as to its action, which was strictly in accordance with that experienced by Juliet, from the draught administered to her by Friar Laurence.

### NOW AND THEN.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

The new born rose was ashamed of her dyes,
When laid to the cheek of the bride.
A luminous smile looked out from her eyes
On the youth that stood by her side;
He seemed all her hope and pride.

The touch of his lips fell soft on her cheek,
He worshiped, or fancied it so.
The word of assent he trembled to speak,
As if joy tried to overflow.
That was only two years ago!

To-day they are parted wide as the sea,
And the world unheeding looks on.
To-day he smiles on a stranger, and she
Is queen on another man's throne;
As if to each other unknown.

Yes, married, not mated, two years ago,
Ah! better such never had been,
Too sacred that tie to trifle with so.
What brought the sad coldness between?
Had they said what they did not mean?

They had lied to the world two years ago,
To each other and to their God.
'Twas gold they loved and fashion's wild glow:
Heav'n forgive them and spare the rod
For the false path wilfully trod.

Alas! alas for the days that have come,
For the truth that liveth no more.
For the fashion that maketh light of home,
And for hearts unsound at the core,
That shadow the name of our shore.

# THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXX—(CONTINUED.)

"IF you're going to give me a sovereign," he whispered, seating himself at the table, with his hands folded upon it and a cunning smile upon his imbecile face, "you'd better do it now, because, if they see you, they'll blow you up, and I would not like you to be blown up."

"I am not afraid," Miss Glenorris said, with a smile of faint compassion into the dim sunken eyes.

"Oh, but they'd be very cruel to you if they saw it, and I don't want you to be treated cruel! I know you wanted me to come in for it when they weren't watching. I'm very poor, and the workhouse is a hard place. This"—with a wandering gaze round the unfamiliar room—"is the workhouse. I didn't think I should come here so soon; but the thieves always find it, hide it where I will, and then the bailiffs come, and I'm put in here."

"You are not in the workhouse, Mr. Chick," said Joy, in her pitiful way; "you are at Ravenstor, and I am going to let you stay here. I don't think the bailiffs want you—indeed I think that you are very rich."

The old man's jaw fell, and the little engulfed eyes that were fixed upon her looked more round and hollow than ever in their abject alarm. For some seconds he gasped feebly before he answered—

"You think I've a lot of silver? I know you do—everybody does; but it's a lie. I've nothing—nothing! No plate. Certainly not. Johnson always knew I was a pauper and you're Johnson's missis; so he'll tell you I haven't anything. I came in because you want to give me a sovereign—eh, Johnson? But none of 'em must know. They'd take it from me, like they take the plate. They're a mean greedy set; but I came to tell ye how to do it that they sha'n't know and sha'n't hurt ye. Why, Holly'd knock ye down! He's a mean greedy cur, Holly is. Oh, he is"—raising his voice and bringing his shrivelled old face a little nearer to the girl's—"a mean greedy cur, Holly is! He's rich, and he wants to put his old father in the workhouse; but I'll kill him first! I'll—I'll"—rising in his impotent fury and bringing his clenched fist down upon the bare table—"I'll break his head!"

In the midst of this ferocious threat, and before Joy had time to rise and ring the bell, the door was again opened, and, as his son came within the range of his vision, a wonderful change passed over the old man.

In an instant he had dwindled again into a trembling servile worshipper of this son. While he shrank into the background, he murmured incoherent adulation, and smiled with abject meekness into Hollebone's ugly face, rubbing his hard hands and chuckling in perfect satisfaction when Hollebone gruffly tried to silence him.

"Oh, he's a good son, Holly is—a very good son, Johnson! A moneyed person too, and he keeps his father in wealth and luxuriance, just like I kept him all his life. Yes, he's a good son, Holly is! The only one of all my children that takes after his father, the only one of 'em all, and I've got five hundred, the only one of 'em all, and a moneyed person! Gracious powers, Johnson, how can a man have means and not live up to 'em, as I always say? Holly was his mother's pride, though he never let the fair sect rule him, never! He's too clever! Tell your missis that, Johnson. I was different; but that's hundreds of years ago. You remember it, Johnson? You remember when I was a gentleman, don't you? And——"

But by this time Mr. Chick, junior, by means more forcible than argument, had conveyed the author of his being beyond earshot.

Joy had witnessed this expulsion with mingled indignation, pity, and contempt; but, when the door was closed again, she fell to the floor in a burst of tears that could be restrained no longer.

The great tension of the four-and-twenty hours, through which she had borne up so bravely, had snapped at last. Lying with her face hidden, she sobbed in a passion of despair and desolation, and the tears would not be stayed until she had exhausted even the strength to weep.

Suddenly and unceremoniously the door was opened for Miss Chick to enter the room; and Joy sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing through their tears, and her lips trembling.

"Shall you want supper?" inquired Christiana, putting down a candle and taking up the great tea-tray.

"No, thank you. Is my bed-room ready yet?"

"It's as ready as it can be till you've unpacked."

"Unpacked!" repeated Miss Glenorris, a little dazed, for she had forgotten that now, in Rachel's absence, unfamiliar tasks must devolve upon herself. "Oh, I forget! I will go now."

And, with no offer of help, she went into her unhomely chamber, and, locking herself in, knelt and prayed, not for patience only, but for wisdom too.

"Am I wrong? Is it all wrong?" she cried in her heart. "Must I be always wrong? Help me, dear Father, show me. I should so like to do right; but I don't know I don't understand."

Nor could she, so she just whispered to our Father in heaven that one short prayer which satisfies us all.

She did not know how many hours had passed when, weary of her fruitless struggle after sleep, always going the farther from her as she tried to hold it, she rose and dressed, scarce realizing where she was, and tried to find rest for her thoughts in occupying herself as she had been too weary and too sorrowful to do on the previous night. She began by candlelight to arrange her familiar objects which should give her gloomy lonely room ever so slight a look of home.

"I must forget even Rachel," she said to herself. "I must think only of the future, and I must not fear it so."

But it was not against any fear of what might await her in the future that she fought so courageously in her loneliness; it was against memory, a foe that in some natures will not die at all, however hard they are.

"I wonder," she thought wistfully, "whether I felt grateful enough while I had the comforts and luxuries of my own old home? I don't remember," with a sad little smile, "whether I ever felt humbled by having what only a few girls had. I do not remember being especially grateful for my bath, my fire, my maid, even my morning tea. No, I cannot remember that I was; and so it is just that I should have to learn how to do without them."

But, though, in her effort to conquer thought by real work, she determined not to pause in her busy occupation, nature gave way at last, and on the old-fashioned sofa, before the dead embers in the large grate, she fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

There was a broad fair line of light above the eastern hills when Joy awoke with a dreary sense of unreality, and, drawing the curtains, sat looking out upon the silent moor.

The windows of this room, as of the sitting-room, looked down straight upon that eerie belt of dwarfed and ancient oaks among which she heard once more that rushing of the noisy river, and beyond rose the great tor, crowned by its weird and desolate ruins.

"I will go and climb there," she said to herself, "for it looks almost inaccessible, and the difficulty will be good for me. Perhaps when I reach the top, I shall be able to face the unknown future and decide what to do. I must make some plan; and surely the quietness here will help me! If only I were not so poor! If I had saved—— No"—with a slow shake of the head—"the money was not mine to save, and would not have been mine now if I had saved it. I must stay here until I can decide upon some way to earn a livelihood.

"But how can I earn one? What is there I can do? And, even if I had any talent, how could I find a field for it without appealing to those who have known me only as mistress of Merlswood? And I—I cannot see them yet; it would break my heart. Surely there is something I can do, now I am young and strong!" and then a sad pathetic little smile curved her lips without brightening her eyes, as memory, loosened for a moment from her firm restraint, darted back into the old life which already seemed so far away, and she saw herself, as if she saw some one else, in brilliant scenes and rooms and dresses, with friends and companions lovingly surrounding her, suitors paying her their homage, lovers craving for her favor, well-trained servants obeying her slightest glance or sign. Was it really her?

Was it she whom, in that brilliant throng at Combe Castle only so short a time ago, Sir Hussey had besought to reign there always, his queen? Was it she whom Lawrence Nelson had said he should worship all his life long? Was it really she whom so many had—— Ah, no, surely not she, but the owner of Merlswood! And now how soon would they forget her? How soon would they know? That very day her letter to Mr. Redby would be received, and the new master of Merlswood would take possession.

Would she smile to recollect how he had sought to win it through a marriage with her? How soon would he remember that she owned this farm?

With deep compassion, as if she thought of some one else, she looked around her unlovely room, and recollected how often she had compassionated Mrs. Purdy for the solitude of her sick-room, because the world was all shut out. But how different that was! Her rooms were pleasant, and her friends were often there, and servants, and she had her son.

"Not that I want him," the girl said, with a brief smile. "Oh, I hope he will never dream of my being here! Mr. Johnson is sure to remember, but not, I hope, before I have left; and there is no one else who would think of it, unless——"

She rose to shake off the thought which went too near that name she dared not recall, and again took refuge in active occupation; but she knew in the depths of her sad heart that the painful craving there was not for her old home, or wealth, or pleasures, but for something which even a return to the old life could not give her.

Looking into her chilly sitting-room, and finding Christiana Chick only just beginning to prepare it for her, she then and there, in her spirited, though gentle way, entered into all her arrangements, and finally left them, for the outlying twin always came to her sister's rescue sooner or later in any discussion, convinced that it would be to their interest to do what Miss Glenorris desired while she stayed with them, but that, if such a thing could be compassed, it would be still more to their interest that she should go.

Then Joy turned, shivering, away, and went downstairs, and out to breathe the morning air and win an appetite for the breakfast which Miss Chick had made as much fuss over as if it were a day's work to boil an egg and make a cup of tea.

In the corner of the grass-grown enclosure Joy had just found a ragged shabby chrysanthemum trying to bud among the rank weeds in the hardened soil, and was wondering who could have planted it in far-back years, when old Mr. Chick came out to her at a trot, again with one hand on his wizened lips, the other pointing to a lanky little fowl which was tottering, with a peculiar staggering gait, on the uneven long grass.

"It comes here to pick up our food, Johnson," he said, "and it's got something the matter with it. Looks drunk, don't it? I'll chop off its head."

Joy recollected the mock conclusion on the previous night of his threat to break his son's head, but was not tempted to smile.

"The bird has some odd malady," she said, watching it. "I wouldn't touch it if I were you. Is it a water-hen, or, oh, have you hurt your hand?"

"Only cut it," the old man answered, tightening the red pocket-handkerchief which he had twisted round his finger. "That don't affect me, Johnson, not a bit! I'll soon have that bird! I'm the one! I'm nimbler than Holly, though sometimes I think I'm not quite so strong as I was. I s'pose it's through marrying young and the cares of bringing up such a large family, five hundred of 'em! I look as strong as anybody, I'll warrant; but now and again I feel a bit jerky. Eh?" sharply and suspiciously interrogative, for, when he had told her he looked as strong as anybody, Joy had involuntarily given a brief pitying glance round into the long wrinkled face.

"You're not strong, Johnson, never were. I could have knocked you down any day. Now for that bird!"

And, as he darted feebly after it, Miss Glenorris went back a little wearily into the house.

She tried her best to eat the scanty breakfast Brunhilda had laid upon one half the bleak round table, and when she had done her best she put on her hat and went out, heaving a long breath of relief when she had left the house behind her.

In the intense loneliness of this day, her heart failed her to seek a way to that dismal tor which gave its name to the house it shadowed. Its grim weird rocks and ruins, its unapproachable savage isolation, all frightened her to-day; and so she only spent the long hours in solitary musing, wandering in the long valleys and among the lesser tors.

Only when she had spent all the hours she could in walking, climbing, and sitting among the rocks, and had utterly wearied herself, did she venture to return, hoping that sheer fatigue might make her sleep that night, and fit her for forming on the morrow some good plan for her future life.

In the evening, while she was endeavoring with items of Wilfred Glenorris's property, which the twins grudgingly brought her, to make her sitting-room look a little home-like, a rushing shuffling noise from below made her start.

"Oh, it's nothing!" observed Brunhilda, meeting her surprised gaze. "The old man tried this morning to catch that fowl and couldn't, so he ran her into the cellar and shut her up. Now he's hunting her round again, and I s'pose the bird's excited and makes a fuss. Seems so."

On the second night Joy seemed to miss Rachel still more, and the next day, when she started for a long ramble, hoping some feasible scheme would suggest itself to her, her loneliness was greater instead of less than on the previous day.

"If I only had Sam to drive," she said to herself longingly, as she looked away among the silent untrodden tors, "as I had on that day when I did not understand what real solitude meant. Did I really say then that this awful silence was rapture? Was it really I whose dreams that day were wide and vague and beautiful? Did I really find the quietness sweetness and soothing? Did I really long for solitude, and did it mean this?"

"If I had but a dog to talk to," she went on presently, "I might not be so imprisoned by memory as I am, though I try to stifle it, I do try; but there will come back to me all those cold and careless heartless words I've so often and often uttered, and would now give so much to recall. And I remember that he never——"

But that thought was broken, as it ever was, by a cry from her sad heart for forgiveness.

She did not see the old man that day; so, when Miss Chick was carrying away the huge tea-tray, with a certain grim alacrity she always evinced when the last meal of the day was over for Miss Glenorris, Joy asked after him.

"Oh, he's all right!" returned his daughter dutifully. "That water-hen gave him a peck on his out finger, and it inflamed a bit; so Brunhilda bathed it. But it's nothing."

Miss Glenorris constrained herself to express a little gratification on hearing the peck was nothing; then Miss Chick and the bleak tea-tray disappeared.

For the next few days she neither saw nor heard the old man; and, though she dreaded any conversation with his daughters, and still more with his son, yet she forced herself to ask after him once again. The answer was even more rough and meagre than before—

"He's lazy, that's all!"

Joy determined she would not further subject herself to such rejoinders, and therefore questioned them no more. All that day she did not speak, save to herself, in her intense and constant solitude.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

FOR a few nights she had been sleeping a little better for the moorland air; but that night she felt strangely wakeful; and, after lying for more than two hours fighting her old brave fight with thought and memory, she grew still more wide awake as she became aware of stealthy repressed steps moving in the house, and subdued voices speaking.

Her first fear was that her hiding-place had been discovered; but in the next instant she smiled at this fancy, remembering it must be an hour since midnight had struck from the clock on the staircase.

She rose and peered from the window; but she saw nothing, for it was a night too black for shadows. Then she stood listening inside her locked door. Surely they were heavier footsteps than those of the feeble old man or his attenuated son, and quite a different tread too.

Aut, when presently she distinguished Christiana's voice, she was half ashamed of her fear, and opened her door a little way so that she might address Miss Chick if she passed.

"What is it?" questioned Brunhilda's stifled voice from below. "I'm here, I'm polishing up the plate and handles."

Joy closed her door now with a smile. If the Miss Chicks elected to carry on their household burnishing into the night, it was not for her to complain.

Indeed she felt it ought to make her less solitary to know that they were up and interested in such homely operations; and yet an inexplicable shudder ran through her frame as she re-locked her door.

In the morning, while Brunhilda, in her usually grudging way, was preparing the table for her breakfast, she told of the alarm which she at first had felt the previous night on hearing footsteps and voices in the house after midnight.

Brunhilda said no word, only receiving this little attempt at conversation with a gloomy stare. But, when the breakfast-things were to be cleared away, Christiana came in, and, sitting down, gazed fixedly at Miss Glenorris for a minute, and then shook her head.

"We can't stay in this ghastly house," she said, after that ominous introductory performance. "No one could stand it. I don't believe any of us can sleep here another night."

"What is it?" said Joy, startled a little by the appalling expression of Miss Chick's drawn face.

"It's a haunted place!" gasped Christiana. "It's enough to kill us women to live in it. Nobody ought to stay in a house where there's been a murder, and where there's a ghost. We told you about it when you were here before. She came last night. You heard it, didn't you?"

"I heard nothing ghostly," returned Joy, her beautiful eyes filled with gravity, but not alarm.

"Oh, well, we did! She was murdered by her husband in this vile house, and we showed you the place where she fell, and the stain."

"Yes, I remember you telling me. What does her unquiet spirit do?"

"You'd speak in a different tone if you'd once seen it," declared Christiana positively. "There's a door close to that stone; but it's never used, because it opens only on a patch we've sown with potatoes, and reaching straight to the thickest part of the wood and the river, where there's no crossing. Well, she comes to this door, and first there's a cry, an awful echoing back from the scaur, and then there's a fumbling with the latch, and at last the door slowly opens wide, and there's a deathly white face. Two wild eyes stare all round, and then a voice says, 'Oh, this isn't the way I meant to come!' and so the poor creature turns back and can't be

seen in that patch that goes only to the wood and river. Everybody on the moor knows of this ghost, and I'm sure nobody would live here but us."

"Why need you have told me?" asked the girl, her solemn questioning eyes still upon her companion's face as she felt the cruelty of this attempt to terrify her. "If you have never been alarmed before, you can scarcely be so now. "Of course, if you are really frightened, it is easy for you to go away. For myself, I cannot, at least I do not choose to leave as you wish. Besides," she added, totally unprepared for the victims expression which crossed the woman's face at her next words, "the sounds I heard last night were not sounds of dismay on your part."

"Yes, they were," asserted Miss Chick bluntly; "and you'll not take it in that cool way, I expect, when you've once heard it."

She went from the room as she spoke; but not many minutes had elapsed when she returned, with a conspicuous change of front.

"It's such a fine morning," she observed, with a blandness which sat unnaturally upon her, "that we're all anxious for you to get the benefit of it. Father says won't you take a little excursion?"

"How is he to-day?" inquired Joy, not liking the old man to be mentioned without the friendly inquiry which his daughter's roughness had made her drop somewhat lately.

"He's as well as ever," said Miss Chick, with an animation which Joy was glad to see. "He's been planning a day's outing for you. Holdsworth over at Kester has a donkey and side-saddle, and I borrow it sometimes. I only pay him back a mangold or a couple of carrots for the loan, and he'll lend it to you, and we'll sell you a mangold or some carrots to pay him with. Holly even offers to go with you there to see you safe on it. Holly's always obliging—but not a marrying man."

"Thank you," said Joy, placidly bearing up under this discouragement regarding Mr. Hollebone Chick, but smiling as she pictured herself taking a day's enjoyment on Holdsworth's donkey, "I don't care about venturing on such an extravagant recreation."

"Then we'll have out the cobourg, and I'll take you across towards Lidford," proposed Miss Chick, with the same spurious cordiality. "Father'd be pleased. He can't bear you to be always indoors."

"I will go alone, thanks," said Miss Glenorris, vaguely uncomfortable. "I will not trouble you."

"Where will you go?" inquired Christiana, in a very interested way; but the girl did not know, and therefore could not tell.

"I think perhaps to-day," she said, "I shall follow the stream, and cross to the Great Tor."

"Then let me put you in the way of starting," urged Miss Chick; and, instead of being deterred by Joy's refusal, she threw a handkerchief over her coarse gray hair and pursued the girl down to the water's very edge, unwanted, unaddressed, but persistent and determined. "Well," she said, in an almost jocose manner, when Miss Glenorris made a significant pause for her to retrace her steps, "I shall tell father you're sauntering on round the Tor, and will be sure to enjoy the fine day, and, here's some lunch."

Scarcely crediting her senses, the girl took the large basket Miss Chick handed her.

"Thank you," she said, her eyes gravely puzzled.

"Probably you'll be out most of the day?" suggested Christiana.

"Probably," Joy answered, and then went on, feeling, strangely enough, all the more utterly lonely for this odd spasm of sociability.

But for that poor demented old father of theirs, how gladly would she dismiss from her house these heartless, selfish, grinding people, when even their most propitiatory words left such a bad taste in her mind! How their absence would purify the air around her!

But, as she had said to Mr. Johnson so long ago—so long ago, though he would call it but a year!—they should not be dismissed while that very, very old man lived.

After long seeking, Joy found a way across to the great scaur; but, when she had climbed it, its weird desolation so overpowered her that, throwing herself upon the short dry turf among the eerie masses of stone, she cried as if her heart were breaking.

It seemed that now she had indeed met her future face to face, and the despairing expression it turned to her was too hard for her to bear upon this lonely desolate height.

When she returned in the afternoon, she found that Christiana's affability had extended to Brunhilda, and even to Hollebone, who met her and relieved her of the basket, lavishing upon her in exchange one or two precise inquiries as to her enjoyment. This new aspect of her tenants weighed indefinably upon the girl; but her own thoughts were too engrossing for her to puzzle long over this, and by the next morning not only had she forgotten it, but on their part it had utterly evaporated.

For the next three days she scarcely stirred from the house, so assiduously was she trying to form plans for her future; but the half-formed projects all seemed to wane and to melt into that old and sad and strong resistance to memory.

With a longing beyond all words to be once more among her old friends, she yet shrank from ever seeing Meriswood again. Some sure instinct told her that Norman Pardy would, if he could find her, offer to her the position and wealth he had before done his best to share with her; and, that one feeling alone would have sufficed to keep her away from Meriswood. So, putting that from her mind, she tried again and again to determine on some way of earning a livelihood.

What engagement could she seek? Even if she were able to teach, who would engage her without testimonials, or certificates, or previous experience? No, it needs must be a fruitless search. Even for a very lowly post some one must vouch for her fitness some one's help or praise would be needed. And who could help her, unless she appealed to those who had met her only in her wealth and happiness, and would know less than nothing of any capacity she might have for filling a situation of trust, and who yet, in their sorrow for her, scarcely could refuse?

"It is pride, I know," she cried, pacing her lonely room like a caged animal. "A base, bad, selfish, senseless pride; but I cannot go to them. They would be sorry for me. How sorry he——" She thrust the thought away, while all about her in the silent room echoed unforgotten words of Grevys Lester's and her own cold or cruel retorts. It was so terrible a thing to be haunted for ever by one voice and step and face. Did he know? Had he forgotten? Then came again the pitiful struggle to vanquish memory, to tear from her heart those clinging tendrils of a plant she could not kill.

"No, no," she cried, with tearless sobs, "I can do nothing—nothing! I must stay here while the little money I have will last and then—but I need not spend it fast, and—I may not live many months!" And so the three days' pondering indoors won no result, and brought her to no decision. She could but live on—this was her only conclusion—she could but live this solitary death-in-life, while the anguished memory of what might have been eat into her heart.

On the fourth morning she was so weary of her thoughts, and the vain effort to decide on any path to take, that, when from the window on the echoing staircase she caught sight of the twins in conclave outside of the back door, she joined them, simply in her longing for the sound of other voices than her own, though they must be gruff and surly ones. They were standing besides curious looking machine on wheels, with a hard black hood full of cracks leaning ponderously forward to overshadow a melancholy recess, where it was almost too dark to see how worn-out and mouldy-looking were the ancient cushions.

"Then your father is going to take a drive?" observed Miss Glenorris, no amusement in her friendly voice, though the beautiful gray eyes had a faint sparkle of their old merriment as they rested on this remarkable vehicle, its ponderous head so overwhelming so as to give it the appearance of being upside down.

"Not to-day," returned Miss Chick, blurting out the words rather in a hurry. "He isn't down yet. If you like—I was just going to tell you—if you like to go to Wistman's wood to-day—as you've often said you should—you can go most of the way with me in the cobourg, and I can pick you up again as I come back."

"Is this the cobourg,' asked Joy, her hand looked very white and beautiful as she laid it against the shabby black hood, her thoughts wandering to the old man who, whether well or ill, seemed to win but little of his children's consideration or service.

"Yes. We don't often take it out; but I'm going to Chagford to-day, Holly's taken old Bet and the four shoes to have them put on, and I'm waiting for him."

"He says, as the blacksmith wasn't satisfied last time with a penny," observed Brunhilda gloomily to her twin, "he shall likely have to give threehalfpence; but he sha'n't if he can help it."

"Why do you keep Bet always unshod?" Miss Glenorris's question was received with a burst of laughter, shrilly derisive.

"Why should she be wearing out her shoes here all day? Why Holly'll have them off the minute we come home; and that he can do himself, so it won't cost another penny, and save the shoes. Well, will you come?"

"I think not—— Yes, I will as far as I can drive toward the wood," said, Joy pondering the wonderful lengths to which meanness may be carried.

Just as she spoke, young Mr. Chick appeared, leading Bet, and wearing a certain expression upon his crossed face which evidently at once assured his sisters that his bargain with the blacksmith had been completed to his satisfaction.

"So you're going?" he remarked to Joy. "You like riding in a carriage better than donkey-riding—eh?"

"Is this called a carriage?" the girl asked calmly observant. "I never saw one like it before. It must have been old when—your father was born!"

"Well, it's older than me or you, any way. You won't be afraid, as I'm going to drive you?"

"I shouldn't be afraid of that horse without any driving at all, all over the moor; but I am not going with you."

Then the girl walked away, and young Mr. Chick looked after her, puzzled, as usual. There seemed to be no way of putting her down, and yet she had such a deceitful way of seeming gentle.

As Joy strolled on, a smile unconsciously brightened her eyes as she pictured herself seated under that musty stifling erection. Then, with eyes unsmiling now, her thoughts went back to those old drives of hers in her splendid chariot, reclining among its white luxurious cushions, laying her cheek against its soft and perfumed sides, her four high-stepping horses bearing her to some scene of gaiety, her well-trained servants alert to take and bring her the very moment she wished.

"Do many," she wondered, "at my age find life so full of changes?"

On and on she went, gladly talking to any child she met, shyly once joining an old woman and walking beside her as far as she went, and wistfully lingering to speak to a girl at a cottage door. From this girl she presently learnt that there was a short way to the old wood which she had wished to see; but, when the girl pointed only a dash of green on the valley slope, Joy laughed and said, No, surely that was but the bracken thickly clustered growing on the hillside. But the girl was right. The scene changed slowly as Joy neared it; but she had to be very near indeed before she saw quite unmistakably what she had thought was only a little tract of fern on the hilly side of the narrow valley was the strange untrodden wood which had been old when Doomsday Book was written. Timidly, almost reverentially, the girl touched the low limbs of the dwarfed oaks, and then drew back her hand with awe, for the old, old trees, so weakened by their weight of years, gave a strange sound, as is they moaned in their hearts at the unfamiliar touch.

Joy felt how unsafe it would be to venture into the treacherous hollows of the untrodden ground or to move aside the brittle overhanging branches, yet she lingered, and for hours she sat upon its outskirts with the first courage to allow her thoughts to rest on the past. Somehow the place had brought back to memory one summer day when she had stood listening to one bird's enthralling song in the plantation above Testy's Cove, and Grevys Lester had unexpectedly joined her. And with the memory of the meeting there came back to her the comforting and strengthening assurance a few words of his had given her before they parted—"Do not fear; I shall be here!"

For the first time she held in her heart with conscious gladness and gratitude the memory of words of his. "He would be sorry if he knew of my loneliness," she said, looking up between the tangled lichen-covered boughs of the old oaks; but he will not know. He has gone from my life now, and I must do my best with the long days until—— Perhaps when the sorrowful time is over—I may feel—in another world—that clasp of his hand that I so well remember, and that—that helps me by its memory."

She left the wood, strolling along in a leisurely way along the valley, the long hill on either side shutting out all view; but presently the threatening rain-drops began to fall, and she quickened her pace to the gate into the road, glad to see that near it there was a house of some sort, and to feel that she could get shelter there if the rain increased.

But when she reached the gate, and saw that the building in the road was a publichouse, she shrank from entering it, and passed listlessly out into the road. Before the little brick porch of the roadside inn, and with its back to her, an old-fashioned gig stood empty; but the next minute a more peculiar object met her eye. Nearer to her and facing her, drawn aside from the inn door, stood the old phaeton from Ravenstor. The rain was falling heavily now, and so, acting on the impulse of the moment, she ran across the road and entered the vehicle, its great lowering hood sheltering as well hiding her very completely.

As she unwillingly sat there, anxiously watching for the rain to cease, she heard a voice behind her, and became aware that some one was mounting into the gig, and talking the while rather noisily and blithely down to a person who was apparently within the porch.

"Why d'ye stay there, Miss Chick? They'll let ye shelter further in without charging ye; don't be afeard! The shower'll likely be all over in ten minutes; but I'm bound to go on. I haven't seen ye since ye lost the old man, have I? I s'pose he couldn't be expected to live for ever, and I'd thought him awfully shrivelled when I saw him last; yes I felt a shock somehow to hear he'd gone so sudden-like. Blood-poisoning, they tell me; a water-hen in a bad temper bit his finger where he'd cut it,—eh? Dear me! What very straws pull us down into the grave sometimes! But how did ee manage it all so quiet-like and why should ee do it? Did ee lay 'un near his misses?"

"No," the answer was in Christiana Chick's thin discordant tones; and, hearing them, Joy shrank back, even in concealment as she was. "We found it cost less to put him in the other parish—the farm's in two, ye know—as they break ground cheaper there."

"Oh, they do, do they? That was a discovery for ee; you'd do your duty, I'm sure, in that way. It 'nd make the old man uneasy in his grave if he felt it wasn't the cheapest you could get 'un—eh? So I hope he's happy now."

"He paid church-rate regular; what should prevent his being happy now."

"Oh, nothing should prevent it—nothing, sure-ly!" was the prompt retort. "His son's a good churchman too; aren't he?"

"We all are," rigidly asserted Miss Chick, unaware of any reason for the laugh against her.

"Then it'll be all right for ee—eh? You'll all be happy when your time comes to be transported to—another world. Good day, Miss Chick."

So keenly was Joy listening that she could detect by the rejoinder how Miss Chick was retreating farther into the porch: and, hearing this she instantly left her musty shelter, and ran along the road which she knew led to Ravenstor, wondering how soon she would have been stifled into undying self-contempt in that vehicle with Miss Chick. She felt no fatigue as she ran; her mind was so oppressed with astonishment and scorn and horror that physical fatigue could not tell upon her—yet!

This was such a revolting and unnatural discovery to have made! How long had the old man been dead? On which day had they had that funeral which had been so cleverly kept a secret from her?

Many things came back to her with a new significance. She recalled that morning when the twins had pretended their father had been planning a diversion for her, and tried so hard to ensure her lengthy absence, she herself unconsciously helping them by voluntarily absenting herself.

She saw now the reason of those heavy footsteps she had heard in the preceding night, and she understood why they had been arranged for an hour when it had been natural to conclude she would be safely asleep. She read a ghastly meaning for those few words of Brunhilda's which she had overheard. Indeed in this new and startling light there was much for the girl to recall.

"They shall go from my house at once!" she cried aloud to herself in the silence of the moor.

But, though she shivered as she hurried on, she had no foreboding of the terror which awaited her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE KEY OF DEATH.—In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal of Venice there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related: "About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger whose name was Tebaldo became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was, of course, rejected. Enraged at this he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty; when turned, it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction.

The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicions of injury, but, seized with a sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house, amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and, in a few days, he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal.

They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths—which appeared almost miraculous—occasioned excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal; everyone feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the gate.

The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all most dear to her it had become odious (as though she had a presumption of his guilt), and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the gate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement being observed. On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it she found it spotted with a single drop of blood.

The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance—taught by the past—wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The State inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows.

The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet."

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A FRENCH statistician has discovered that up to the present 2540 emperors and kings have governed sixty-four nations. Out of this number 300 have been driven from their thrones, 64 have abdicated, 24 have committed suicide, 12 have become insane, 100 fell in battle, 123 were captured, 25 died martyrs, 151 have been assassinated, and 108 have been condemned to death and executed according to law.

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"Actions speak louder than words," said the blacksmith, suiting the action to the word by hammering so violently on his anvil that the book agent who was bothering him turned off his gas.

### MY LOVE.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

He must not woo me on bended knee,
The lover who'd win my heart,
For he must be a master and lord of me,
And to let a woman his tyrant be
Is scarcely a manly part.

Let him come as the rovers did of old,
Who wooed with a flashing brand,
Nor cared though a maiden's looks were cold,
And won their brides, as the tale is told,
By the might of their strong right hand.

For the man whom a woman's love should crown
Must be strong to do and to dare,
And angry words must not cast him down,
And he must not heed the scorn or frown
Of the fairest of maidens fair.

Strong must he be, as the sun is strong,
With the might of gentleness,
When he wakes the birds to their matin song,
And wakes the night-chilled earth to long
For the warmth of his soft caress.

And oh! when he comes, my man of men,
I'll cast to the winds my pride,
Its armor I never shall need again,
For the shield of love will suffice me then,
As I walk through life by his side.

# DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING.

THERE was a tremendous peal from the boudoir, the bell ringing incessantly till Josephs, the butler, rushed in, without knocking, and found Sir Harry bending over Lady Fanshaw, who was lying, fixed of eye and insensible, upon the wide couch.

"Send Miss Judith here—send off a man to Brackley at full gallop for Doctor Murray! Quick, man, quick!"

The trembling butler met Judith on the stairs and told the news, and she ran at once to the boudoir.

"Oh, dear uncle!" she cried, "what is it?"

"I don't know, my child. I came up a few minutes ago and knocked. Alice did not answer, and I came in. She was lying on the floor."

"Here, fan her face, uncle!" cried Judith beating and rubbing her cousin's palms. "It is a fainting fit. She has been so weak and low lately. Had she been out?"

"No, my dear. She came up an hour ago to write some letters. She has written two, you see."

He pointed to the table, where a couple of freshly directed envelopes were lying.

"Ring again, my child. Tell George to see that the man is off at once. No—run and ask him to go."

Judith ran out, after tearing at the bell, and met her cousin, who had only returned from town the day before after a run up on business.

"What is the matter?" he cried, anxiously.

"Alice—some terrible seizure!"

"Not dead?" he panted.

"No, no! no, no! Uncle wishes—— Go yourself and fetch the doctor."

Carleigh snatched his hat from the stand and a whip from where it hung, and ran out, just in time to shout to and stop the groom, who was starting on the road.

He ran after him, made the man dismount and Judith saw him jump on the horse's back, put him at the hedge, and, ignoring the road, go off at full gallop cross country, taking wall, ditch, and streamlet as they came in his way, and by so doing promising to save a couple of miles.

It was a long and weary time of waiting before the doctor could arrive—a time of agony to Sir Harry as he knelt beside the couch, holding one clenched, cold hand, and with Judith trying from time to time to administer stimulants, water, anything to revive the sufferer, who lay just breathing heavily, and now and then heaving a sigh that was almost a moan.

"How long!—how long!—how long!" groaned Sir Harry. "Oh, my darling, if I could bear it for you—if I could give my old useless life for yours! Judith, my dear child, I cannot bear it! What does it mean?"

At last! The low, firm voice below, the few quick inquiries, and then, while everyone else was hurried and excited, the calm, firm step and the cool, studied manner, as the man who had, as if by a miracle, brought poor Burton back to life stood in the room.

He asked but few questions, and his examination was but short—so short that Sir Harry looked at him angrily.

"Brain, Sir Harry," he said, in answer to a sharp inquiry. "I can tell you no more now. I must watch the development of the case. I may tell you, though, I am not much surprised. Lady Fanshaw has been delicate for months."

Judith was waiting at the door for the earliest news, and when Sir Harry had come out for an instant to give some fresh order that the doctor wished to be fulfilled she learned all there was to know, and ran down to hear the doctor's bulletin to her Uncle Robert.

At the stairs, though, she was waylaid by Carleigh, who was pacing up and down the hall.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

His voice was so strange and harsh that Judith looked at him wonderingly, to see that there were dark lines beneath his eyes, and that he was ghastly pale.

Carleigh's aspect quite startled Judith for the moment.

"An attack of brain fever, I am afraid," she said, putting that interpretation upon the doctor's words.

"But not very dangerous?" cried Carleigh. "Don't tell me that her life is in danger."

"I think not," replied Judith, wondering at his excitement; "but we must wait and see."

"Thank heaven there is hope then!" he cried, excitedly. "What a terrible blow! And Sir Harry?"

"Don't question me more," said Judith, passionately. "I am ill and hysterical myself. This has shocked me so. I want to go on to Uncle Robert. Pray don't stop me, George."

He drew back to let her pass, and remained pacing up and down the hall till the doctor came softly out of the boudoir and descended to the drawing-room.

"How is she, doctor?" cried out Carleigh.

"Hush, my dear sir! Silence, please. Very seriously ill; but we must hope. She has had what seems to be a second seizure, and is now resting."

"But tell me, doctor, you don't think there is danger?"

"I think there is very grave danger," replied the doctor; "and if there is no change for the better very soon, I am going to send to town at once for Sir Archibald Lane."

"It is very terrible, doctor," said Carleigh who still held hat and whip in hand, while his clothes, and even his face, were splashed with soil.

He followed the doctor into the drawing-room, and stood watching him as he walked thoughtfully to the window and stood looking out.

Doctor Murray remained in his position some ten minutes or so, and there, turning, he met an inquiry made by Carleigh with a bow and left the room.

Carleigh was leaning up against a low bookcase, and as he watched the doctor leaving the room without making any reply to his words he turned ghastly pale, and once more went through the habit of moistening his parched lips with his tongue.

As he stood there leaning back against the case his right knee trembled violently and agitated a china ornament upon the ledge, so that it rattled and made him move hastily away.

As he crossed the room he caught sight of his ghastly face in one of the mirrors, and uttered an ejaculation of surprise and annoyance as he strove to compose his features.

Then, with a half laugh, he uttered the one word, "sympathy" and went into the hall, where he found Sir Robert, who nodded to him gravely.

They were never very intimate, though living in the same house, and for a few moments the old general seemed more distant than ever.

But it was not in the old man's nature to maintain resentment at a time like this, and calling to mind the eagerness with which Carleigh had gone off for help, he turned back to speak to him.

"Terrible affair this, Carleigh," he said, solemnly.

Then he stopped and hesitated, made as if to speak, hesitated again, and then, as if his mind was made up, signed to Carleigh to follow him into the library.

"Look here, George Carleigh," he said, "I'm a plain-spoken man, and I'm going to keep up my character. Just answer me a question. Whatever you say will be sacred even if I don't like it, but the doctor's a bit puzzled for the cause of Lady Fanshaw's seizure. Have you and she been having words to-day?"

"Sir Robert——"

"No nonsense, my lad. This is perhaps a case of life and death. I know you two have had words together."

"Sir Robert!" cried Carleigh again.

"I've heard you," said Sir Robert, sternly. "Now speak out, man, plainly. Have you two had words to-day?"

"No, Sir Robert, we have not," cried Carleigh, very indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"That I don't want to hurt my brother's feelings, and so I see much and say nothing. You declare to me then, that you have not spoken to Lady Fanshaw out of the way to-day?"

"You heard what I said to her at the breakfast table, Sir Robert," said Carleigh, coldly. "If you do not like me, sir, you need not hit upon a time of trouble like this to insult me."

"I tell you this, young man," said Sir Robert, sternly, "that nothing but the fact that I love my brother too well to wish to cause him pain, and that I have for some time past seen that Lady Fanshaw has treated you with the contempt you deserve, have kept me silent—I should have forgotten that I was comparatively a visitor here, and have had you kicked off the premises."

"Sir Robert Fanshaw!"

"Captain Carleigh! Do you suppose I am blind?"

"Sir Robert, there are those who see too much."

"I'm not one of them, young man; but I am one who rather likes to let troubles settle themselves, if they will."

"You have never liked me, Sir Robert," said Carleigh, bitterly.

"Never, sir," said the bluff old general, heartily; "and I should never have stopped here, only I saw that my niece was not likely to accept you, and, as I said before, the trouble of my brother wishing to see a match between you two was sure to settle itself."

"And you have set Miss Nesbit against me."

"There was really never any need of it, sir."

"And now you choose this time for an open quarrel."

"Quarrel? Not I! There is a sort of truce between us. If it were a quarrel, Captain Carleigh, you would find the difference, for I should carry on the war with vigor, or else retreat. Now, take my advice; when Lady Fanshaw is better, remember who she is, and what your position is here. There: we understand each other, I think, now."

Sir Robert left the captain to his own thoughts, and waited about till he could hear from Judith and Lady Fanshaw was recovering from her attack, and had sunk into a deep sleep.

After this he went slowly to his own room with a very thoughtful look.

"This is not natural," he said. "I am sure there is something wrong."

## CHAPTER LVII.

### LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

MEWBURN could not understand it, and he reduced Range's supplies more and more; but though the prisoner looked pale, and assumed a certain amount of feebleness, he held out, and weeks and weeks glided by without result.

At times there was a great change in the supplies, as if some one's counsels prevailed, and for a time the prisoner would be well fed; but soon after the starvation diet recommenced, and during these seasons Jane's string and bag were lowered down from the window night after night, to be drawn up again after a silent tug, the bag laden with cake or turnover.

Sometimes it would be carefully cut sandwiches, sometimes only bread and butter. Once only, an extremely hard, sour pudding apple.

One day Range was at the window, gazing out at the brickfield, and thinking of the many passages of arms he had had with his enemies, and the way in which of late he had refused to even speak.

He was satisfied that they were determined to keep him until he gave way, and though he kept watching for a means of escape, and tried Jane again and again, he knew that his position hung upon Uncle Wash, coming to England and tracking him out.

Sarah Pannell had twice renewed her proposals to him, and departed with threats which were followed each time an absence of food for two days—little facts which pointed, so Range thought, to her powers down below.

Jane seemed quite satisfied with the stolen scrap of hair, and came and chatted as before.

Once she made a rather pointed allusion to some day when the patient got well, one which Range strove not to understand, and as a corrective talked about the butcher, taking himself to task afterwards about his weakness, when he knew at heart that, but for the girl's kindness, he must have given up or starved.

"I shall have to promise her marriage," he said, laughingly, one day, "then she will help me to escape, and I shall take her home with me and astonish Uncle Wash. with the appearance of bonnie bride."

In pursuance of which idea he was exceedingly cold—cross, she called it—next time Jane came to clean up, behavior which she considered rather cruel after bringing him quite a goodly cake.

"He said he should come and have a look at you to-day," she whispered, just before leaving.

"What! the butcher?"

Jane nodded, and Sheldrake opening the door, told him as usual not to hurry himself about getting well, only they were waiting; and once more he was alone, spending his time in thinking about Judith, watching his sparrows, making impossible plans for escape, and wondering whether Uncle Wash. would come.

"If it were not for this hope," he said gloomily, "I think I should be tempted to bring it all to an end by hanging myself."

As this thought came to him, he felt, as it were, fascinated, and as he gazed at the iron cross part of the bars he seemed to see himself busily preparing to end his career with one of the straps that had so often held him down.

Range started from his seat with a sobbing cry, covered his face with his hands, and staggered to his bedside, to sink upon his knees.

"No, no, no, not that!" he cried, passionately. "Let all go, every dollar I own; not that, not that!"

He knelt there, trembling with horror at the strange power the idea had had over him, and for the first time he realized the effect of his long confinement, and how it was that poor wretches shut up alone had grown weaker of intellect, till at last the brain gave way and they took refuge in suicide.

"I must do something!" he cried, as he sprang to his feet. "They are driving me mad. When will help come?"

He paced his room till he panted, and threw himself into his big arm-chair to rest.

"I had better give up," he said, "before my brain does go, and a worse fate befalls me than even being beggared for life."

He grew calmer by degrees, but every now and then a shudder ran through him, and a great horror of the coming night was upon him.

He fixed his eyes upon the great blank waste of the brickfield and longed for the time when he should be able to see his fellow-men busy once more—anything to divert his thoughts.

"If some motive would only possess me," he thought; "something to do, something to expect;" for he had exhausted, it seemed, every means of amusing himself, and every plan for his escape.

As he sat there all at once he caught a glimpse of something glistening beyond the wall.

It seemed to be something wet and black and shiny, just level with the top of the wall, and then it disappeared suddenly.

It was something to take his attention and relieve his overstrained brain; but several minutes passed and it did not reappear, but left him puzzled, and wondering what it could be, when all at once it was there again, and he saw a pair of red hands passed over the wall.

Then the shiny appearance developed itself into the very smooth, round, greasy head of a man with a low forehead, and below the forehead a pair of very bright black eyes.

"It's the butcher," said Range to himself; and a visit from a king would hardly have given him a more pleasurable emotion, for this man had expressed an interest in him, and prescribed that for which he often experienced intense longing—strong food. He was Jane's lover too, and perhaps he might be satisfied about the question of sanity, and aid him to escape.

Range felt that he must be careful, for he had had to submit again to the skilful fingers of Mr. Gentles, and he knew how appearances were against him.

"How are you?" came just then in a low voice, just as the head seemed to go back and the lips were raised to the level of the top bricks.

"Quite well. Tired of being shut up," said Range, in the same low tone of voice.

"Got any 'bacco?"

Range nodded.

"I say, are you getting all right?" came again.

Range nodded again, hesitated, and then said aloud—

"Help me to get away."

He spoke too loud. There was a rush of feet on the gravel, a loud baying from the dogs at him, for they did not see the butcher, who dropped at once and disappeared. It seemed, though, that he had not been heard in the house, and all that day the prisoner was tortured by hopes and doubts.

"Why, I could make that man happy with money to the end of his days, and now he has satisfied his curiosity by seeing me, poor bare idiot that I look, he will not come again."

So he said; but Hope told a flattering tale that the time was approaching when Uncle Wash. said he would come and seek him, and believed that his friend would come again and show himself above the wall.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### AN INTERRUPTED GAME.

IT was one fine spring morning that Range stood with an arm through the bars of his prison, scattering crumbs for his pets.

He had been very low-spirited of late, for the whim had seized his gaolers to keep Jane away once more, so he had no further news of the butcher, who seemed to have forgotten him.

The morning was delicious, and he was beginning to be hopeful of not having to suffer more from the bitter cold that had kept him pacing his room so many hours a day.

It was one of those halcyon times when the last winds have gone, and nature is putting on her robe of delicate green—when a scent that is as the odor of growing life is in the air, and the prisoner behind the bars felt that even there it was a pleasure to live.

The old garden looked very beautiful, for John Pannell had been busy clearing away the last traces of wintry wreck, and the intense desire to be even there, shut in by the high walls, was at times almost unbearable.

A loud twittering suddenly rose on the house-top, and he drew back from the window, when the pretty, slight-looking little grey sparrow came fluttering down and settled upon the sill, to begin picking up the finer pieces of crumb, raising her head each moment to watch him with her dark, bead-like eye.

"Why, you little beauty," he said, "who can think a sparrow ugly?"

The sparrow looked up at him as if it understood his words, and he took a step forward.

The bird's wings made a fluttering noise, and she rose in the air, to fly up over his head out of sight.

"You're as bad as little Judith," he said, bitterly. "Good friends as long as I keep my distance: ready to fly if I approach."

He sighed and walked back, to stand leaning against the foot of his bed, gazing half vacantly from the window, when the sparrow flew down again, and went on feeding upon the crumbs.

"Out upon you, little coquette!" he said, with the smile coming back to his face, so interesting was even the smallest incident in his weary prison life. "Judith—Judy—little Judy!" he said; and he made a chirruping noise with his lips, which made the bird raise itself to its full height and look at him in a half-wondering, half-frightened way, till, hearing no more, it went on picking up the crumbs till was satisfied and flew away.

Then came half a dozen more, among which was a sturdy-looking, handsome little cock bird in his full spring uniform. His

under-parts were delicate grey, his head and back a rich chestnut, and beneath his beak there was the blackest of black patches like an old-fashioned satin stock.

There was something so ridiculous in the airs and graces of the little bird as it hopped about, set itself up, and chirruped loudly that Range burst out into a hearty laugh.

"By all that's wonderful," he cried, "how that little rascal puts me in mind of the Captain! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he were to marry little Judy. Well, that is strange!"

He did not laugh now, but stood as if he were struck by the coincidence, for just then the little delicate-looking grey hen bird that he had fed flew down and hopped shrinkingly away as the dapper little cock bird began to chirrup more loudly and displayed his feathers. He set on his crest, and the glossy feathers at his throat, and if ever bird said, "Look here, little one, see what a fine fellow I am: you won't see my equal anywhere," it was just then.

All at once there was a whir of wings, and they were all gone, a loud chirruping in the cedar telling their destination.

"I must be getting childish," said Range, as he walked to the window once more, thrust his arm through the bars, and stood there in his favorite attitude. "What a state my brain must be in!—naming sparrows, and thinking they resemble people I don't like, or do like. Is this one of the first steps towards idiocy consequent upon solitary confinement?"

He shuddered as he recalled the horrible thought that had once attacked him.

"Pish! how absurd! It amuses me, and will keep me from thinking."

"Hallo!" came from below.

He looked down, and there was Pannell with a rake in his hand.

"Well? Hallo!" said Range, roughly.

"Don't be huffy, man, when one wants to be civil. Have a cigar?"

It was upon Range's lips to say no indignantly, but in this way Pannell kept on showing a bluff kind of bonhomie, and there was something of the big frank boy in his composition that was likeable. What was more, in spite of fresh struggles and more than one savage blow, he did not, even directly after, when he was sore, display the slightest malice.

"Throw it up," said Range; "but I have no light."

Pannell took a vesuvian out of a little box, a cigar out of his case, and stuck the light right in the end of the roll of weed, burying the wood to the little composition bulb.

"Now then, catch!" he said; and he dexterously pitched up the cigar over and over again, with the most exemplary patience, till it was caught.

It took a good many trials before this was achieved, but when it was Jack Pannell gave a sigh of content, went out of sight for a few minutes, and returned with a folding chair, which he spread and then sat down.

"Bit tired, old fellow," he said. "I'll join you in a smoke."

He lit up most deliberately and sat back, staring up at Range, who also lit up and stared down.

"Can't ask you down, old fellow," said Pannell, after a few minutes' silence. "My garden begins to look splendid."

Range did not reply.

"I'd ask you down if I could," he said; "but they wouldn't like it."

Range smoked on, feeling indignant, but at the same time his heart throbbed with satisfaction.

"I say old fellow," said Pannell, at last, "arn't you getting tired of it all?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you throw up the sponge?"

"Because I'm not beaten."

"Ah! I'd give it up now. You wouldn't feel the loss a bit. Give in, and put an end to it."

"Jack Pannell," said Range, "you're a confounded rascal!"

"Thankye. That's your opinion."

"And your own too," said Range; "but you're a good, manly sort of scoundrel, and I don't know that I dislike you so much."

"Come, that's flattering," laughed Pannell. "But it won't do. Soft sawder, boy."

"I mean what I say," continued Range. "Oh no! I was not going to flatter you, you great ugly watch-dog! I know you would not give way. That's why I like you."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I like you because you are a good honest sort of scoundrel, and I like your fidelity to all about you."

"More sawder."

"Oh! call it so if you like, but I was going to say to you that you are as stubborn and bull-headed as I am, and if you were in my place you'd just say that you'd die before you would give in."

Pannell chuckled, and sent forth large puffs of smoke.

"No, I shall not give in, and you may tell your friends so."

"Tell 'em yourself," said Pannell, gruffly; "only you've got the worst of it. Cigar good?"

"Capital!"

"There, let's smoke and talk about something else. I say I don't want to be too hard on you. They wouldn't like it if they knew, but I don't mind getting you anything you want in reason."

"Will you?"

"Yes," said Pannell, thoughtfully; "more books, or cigars, or papers. I shan't get you centrebits and files and rope ladders," he added, with a laugh.

"Get me some books, then."

"All right. Here, I say, they're gone out for the day; what do you say to a hand at cards?"

"Cards? Well, no, Master Jack Pannell. It is too expensive a game to play with you."

"Oh! I won't fleece you," was the reply. "I want a game."

"What! are you coming up here?"

"No; it's understood that we all pay our visits together. Couldn't come up."

"Honor among thieves, eh?"

"Oh, go on! I don't mind what you call me. I can't hit a man when he's down. Are you going to play?"

"How can we?"

"Two packs. I'll throw you up one, and we can each deal for ourselves."

Range nodded, and Pannell went in and returned with a couple of packs of cards, one of which was tightly tied with string, and this he dexterously threw up.

"There, sit on your window-sill and deal for yourself, and I'll deal for myself; only mind this: I can't see what you play, so be square."

"You may trust me," said Range, coldly, as Pannell seated himself in his sight. Then each party dealt and took up his cards, and as Range began to arrange his he nearly dropped them, for, right behind where Pannell was seated, he saw the black, well-pomatumed head of the butcher slowly rise above the wall, making a sign and holding up something wrapped up in paper, something long, and about the size of a cheese-knife.

"I hope it isn't a knife," thought Range. "Often enough, if I'd had a bowie, I should have felt ready to use it."

The butcher held up the packet again.

"Your play," said Pannell. "My word! what a hand! You got all the luck. What's that?"

He started up, for he had heard a slight noise behind him, and just then the two dogs, which had been lying asleep, started up, baying furiously.

Pannell threw down his cards, ran to the end of the house, and at the close of two or three minutes appeared again with a short ladder, which he reared up against the wall, climbed up slowly, and looked over to the right and left.

"No one," he muttered, descending the ladder, and then, throwing it down, he ran forward into the front, down to the gate, and looked out there.

"Nothing," he muttered, for he had not been in time to see the butcher dart into the brickfield, enter one of the huts, and settle himself down there to wait till he could retreat.

From his hiding-place he could see Pannell's head come above the wall and then disappear, for the great fellow to make his appearance again astride the iron gates, and stay some few minutes, as if puzzled, before going in.

There was to be no game of cards that afternoon, for directly after Sheldrake and Mewburn returned; so Pannell hastily gathered up his cards—"to avoid a row," as he muttered to himself—and then, with a nod to Range, he went in, leaving the prisoner in an intense state of excitement to know what the man meant, and what the packet contained.

He sat there hour after hour watching the wall, but there was no further sign, and once more, in an intense state of misery, he noted the darkening sky, and wondered whether he could enjoy forgetfulness for a few hours, or whether he would be tossing sleeplessly, thinking of Judith and the pleasant days he had spent at the Priory.

"That fellow means to send me his packet by Jane to-night!" he cried, suddenly starting up, with a strange feeling of elation, as the idea flashed through his brain.

No: the wish was father of the thought; it was not likely—but somehow he could not get it out of his head. The man was Jane's friend. He had expressed a desire to see him—why not help? Perhaps he would; and, in spite of the mental cold water he kept throwing upon the idea, it became more and more fixed in his brain that the bag, when it was lowered and drawn up that night, would contain the packet held up to him over the wall.

After what seemed an interminable length of time, Range rose from his seat and softly raised his window. All was still, and the stars seemed to be shining down through so much transparent darkness.

Taking the bag and string from the place where he kept them hidden, he lowered them down—fishing as he called it, with a miserable attempt at mirth, and waited for a bite.

He waited for quite an hour before he heard a light step, his hearing being quickened by the strain laid upon it. Then the string quivered, and he knew as well as if he could see her that Jane was slipping in a paper containing food, and the packet he had been shown. He felt sure of that.

Then came the signal tug, and he began to draw it up, when simultaneously there was a scuffle, a rush, Jane's voice uttered the words "Oh, you wretch!" and the string was nearly drawn from his hands.

## CHAPTER LIX.

### AT LAST!

FOR the moment Range felt that the means of communication between him and the girl had been discovered, for he heard her retreat, and the string was snatched again and again.

"I may get it away," he thought, and he gave the string, which fortunately was pretty strong, two or three sharp tugs.

To his amazement, instead of a voice bidding him let go, for the game was played out, there came up a fierce growling: and it dawned upon him that one of the watch-dogs had been tempted by the contents of the packet, and had seized it in his teeth.

"Ah, if that's it!" thought Range, "now comes the tug of war. Will the string and bag hold out?"

He reached as far as he could, and snatched and jerked to try and extricate the bag, but only elicited growl after growl, as the stubborn beast held on; and at last, taking firm hold with both hands, Range began to draw steadily on the string, under the impression that as soon as the dog felt itself a little raised at the head it would leave go.

The growling ceased, but the dog held on, and actually suffered itself to be lifted right off the ground. Then, all at once, the tension ceased, and the string came up readily.

"The brute!" muttered Range, and he rapidly drew up the bag; but only the tape string was there.

Range gave an impatient stamp on the floor and stood listening at the window, but in vain; though he stayed there for a full hour not a sound reached his ear, and at last, in despair, he threw himself upon the bed and vainly tried to sleep.

The next morning, unexpectedly, Jane was ushered into the room, to go through her regular cleaning performance; but either one or other of the gang, as Range had come to dub them, remained in the room. Several times over the girl gave him a meaning look, and laid her hand upon her heart—a proceeding which Range interpreted to mean either that she had a pain there or something concealed.

He hoped the latter, and so it proved, for, left alone with him for a few moments, she snatched a long thin packet from her breast and thrust it under the pillow.

"Another bag," she whispered. "That nasty dog got it last night, and the bit of chicken; but he brought it into my kitchen to eat, and I got that out of the bag again."

This was enigmatical; but it was all Range could learn till the room was cleaned, and he was once more alone.

It seemed an age before he was left, but at last he was free to examine the packet, and, drawing it from beneath the pillow, he found something hard rolled up in a stout linen bag.

The bag was tied round this something hard with darning cotton, a great deal being twisted about it in every direction, tantalizing him till he could get it free, and then he found the contents in a piece of white paper.

"It is what he showed me over the wall!" cried Range, excitedly, and, unrolling the paper, he found what at first he imagined was going to be a small table-knife, but which proved to be a strong three-cornered file, well set in its handle.

Range's heart throbbed with delight. How many thousand dollars would he not have often given for such an implement as this! and now, as his fingers closed round the handle, he saw in its tiny, dark keen teeth the path to freedom opening out, while his heart throbbed wildly, and his breath came thick and fast.

Suddenly his eye fell upon the dirty piece of writing-paper in his hand.

Yes; there was something written upon it in a clumsy thick hand.

Instructions—promise of help outside? He was going to be free at last; but he could not read, for he was weaker than he thought for, and his brain swam, and a dizzy mist floated before his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS A SAVAGE?—No one would call the ancient Brahmin's savages, and yet writing was unknown to them before the third century, B. C. Homer, quite apart from his blindness was certainly unacquainted with writing for literary purposes. The ancient inhabitants of Germany, as described by Tacitus, were equally ignorant of the art of writing as a vehicle of literature; yet, for all that, we could not say that with them the nobler faculties of the mind had lost their powers, the judgment had become feeble, and the imagination languid. Every generation is apt to consider the measure of comfort which it has reached as indispensable to civilized life, but very often, in small as well as great things, what is called civilized to-day may be called barbarous to-morrow. Races who abstain from eating the flesh of animals are apt to look on carnivorous people as savages; people who abstain from intoxicating drinks naturally despise a nation in which drunkenness is prevalent. What should we say if we entered a town in which the streets were neither paved nor lighted, and in which the windows were without glass; where we saw no carriages in any of the thoroughfares, and where, inside the houses, ladies and gentlemen might be seen eating without forks and wearing garments that had never been washed? And yet even in Paris no street was paved before 1185. In London Holborn was first paved in 1417, and Smithfield in 1614, while Berlin was without paved streets far into the seventeenth century. No houses had windows of glass before the twelfth century, and as late as the fourteenth century anything might be thrown out of the windows at Paris after three times calling out "Look out!" Shirts were an invention of the Crusades, and the fine dresses which ladies and gentlemen wore during the Middle Ages were hardly ever washed, but only refreshed from time to time with precious scents.

In 1550 we are told that there existed in Paris no more than three carriages—one belonging to the Queen, the other to Diane de Poitiers, and the third to Rene de Laval. In England coaches date from 1580, though whirlicotes go back to the fourteenth century. So far as we know, neither Dante nor Beatrice of Italy used forks in eating, and yet we should hardly class them as savages.

# Scientific and Useful.

CORKS.—Corks which have been steeped in vaseline are said to be an excellent substitute for glass stoppers. They are not in the least affected by acids, and never become fixed through long disuse.

GRAY HAIR.—The *Medical World* reports a case, now under observation, in which the patient's hair, which had become prematurely gray, is slowly returning to its original color under the internal administration of phosphorized cod liver oil.

SAND BRICKS.—It is said that the sand used in the manufacture of mirrors is now used by a Paris company to make white bricks and blocks, said not to be injured by frosts, rain, etc., and to be very light. The sand is first strongly pressed by hydraulic power and then baked in ovens at a very high temperature. The bricks are almost pure glass.

STEEL-CUTTER.—The French Government is having constructed abroad large and costly special machine tools to aid in the construction of light-armored swift cruisers. One of these appliances is a shearing apparatus for cutting up steel plates one inch in thickness. The total weight of this machine and the engine to operate it, combined is about thirty-five tons.

LEAD-HEADED NAILS.—An improved lead-headed nail for use in putting on corrugated iron roofs has made its appearance in the market. The shank of the nail is round and sufficiently sharp at the point to enter the wood readily, and may be driven home in the usual way. The head flattens under the blows of the hammer, or a punch may be used which will give it a conical head. The lead of the head comes in contact with the sheet-iron in such a way as to lessen the chance of leaking.

BLACK INK.—A good black ink may be made by boiling six ounces of finely bruised Aleppo galls in 6 pints of water, and adding four ounces of well crystallized sulphate of iron and four ounces gum arabic. Keep the whole in a wooden or glass vessel for two months, shaking occasionally, when it may be strained and bottled. The addition of a little creosote will prevent the formation of mold. Blue ink may be made by dissolving Prussian blue in an aqueous solution of oxalic acid.

PORTABLE GLOW LAMP.—A Frenchman has constructed a portable electric glow lamp, intended for use where there is an explosive atmosphere. This lamp is intended to be of service in mines, cellulose factories, flour mills, spinning mills, etc. It is automatic in action, and it is stated to be very simple in construction. There are two varieties of the lamp made, one of which will only light itself when taken up in the hand, the other when it is hung up or put down. The current is produced by a battery contained in the lamp.

# Farm and Garden.

THE BEST CROPS.—The crops that do best on rather stiff soil are potatoes, onions, celery, late cabbages, late beans, squashes, and fruits of all kinds. When well drained such soil will often produce good early cabbages.

POULTRY RUNS.—The best runs for poultry are where grass and gravel are plentiful. Grass runs are of great value if they can be had, but they must be large if fowls have constant access to them or the grass will soon cease to grow.

FOWLS.—A good dry sandy soil is the best for fowls, and this fact enables those who possess poor, thin soils to make poultry a specialty. Fruit, bees, silk culture and poultry can be made to pay, when operated together, on the lightest of sandy soils, and such industries do not demand extended areas, as no one particular occupation will be in the way of the other.

SOILS.—If soil is good and enduring it must have a fertile subsoil. It may appear cold, wet and unpromising, but if mineral plant food be present it can be made productive. Under-draining, subsoiling and clover are the agents required to reclaim such soil, and they should follow each other in the order named, as each step will make the next more successful.

TURKEYS AND TOBACCO.—Turkeys can be made useful in tobacco and tomato fields as they are very fond of the large green worms which destroy such plants. They willingly subsist on many substances that hens will not touch, and will accept any kind of insects eaten by birds preferring grass-hoppers especially. After they are well feathered they demand very little care, and return a large profit in proportion to cost.

WOOD TICKS.—The following mixture, if given one tablespoonful daily, will clean cattle of ticks or lice, and if a handful is kept in the horse-trough the year round it is better than any condition powders. I have used it for fifteen years; and know it to be true: One peck of sifted wood ashes, one-fourth of a pound of tobacco, ground fine; one-half pound of soda, one pound of sulphur, six pounds of salt; mix thoroughly. Try it, and no one ever will regret it.

CHURNING.—From 60 to 65 degrees is considered the proper temperature for churning, though the temperatures vary in different dairies, for much depends upon the conditions. Sweet cream should be churned at a lower temperature, and for a longer time than sour cream. The amounts of butter obtained vary under apparently the same conditions, and although a fair yield may be obtained one day it may be much less the next.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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### Amusement Manias.

Of all propensities that exist in humanity, it would seem as though the one for amusements should be the least harmful. Furnished primarily as an antidote for the cares and evils that burden life, amusements should contain no sediment of poison to counteract good effects. Yet the same disposition to injurious excess seems to prevail now that has manifested itself in every age. Temperance, in its true meaning of moderation or restraint from superfluous indulgences, appears hard to practice when applied to ordinary every-day life. Nothing could produce more genuine happiness, nor more efficiently prevent unnecessary suffering, than a loyal adherence to its teachings. Notwithstanding this, the experience of previous generations and the follies of their ancestors, are almost wholly lost on the blooming youth of to-day, as effectual lessons to guide their conduct. Nothing short of actual participation in excessive indulgences, and the experience of the suffering that inevitably follows, is sufficient to impress facts that might easily be known by the most cursory observation or the exercise of the simplest common sense. At different periods a mania for some particular amusement sweeps over the country, and carries everything by irresistible force. This time it is roller-skating, which happily seems to have reached the climax of excitement, and it is to be hoped may now subside into the bounds of reasonable recreation. On its own merits, it is one of the best and most healthful amusements ever introduced. As a means of dissipation, or vehicle for the promotion of impure associations or unbecoming conduct, it is no better than numberless other methods that are found for gratifying innate propensities to evil which are bound to find outlets wherever they exist. It is high time the present age learned to practice the quaint adage, that "enough is as good as a feast." What we want is genuine "temperance" in all things. Especially let this be the case with amusements. There is no more reason why people should become intoxicated with these than with alcoholic stimulants. The unreasonable objections that severe moralists raise against amusements themselves, because sometimes carried to dissipation, are without equitable force, but this fact does not palliate their misuse. Wherever roller-skating is practiced, let there be good air, good order, good manners, proper hours, and becoming etiquette in association, and no fears need exist as to proper, immediate enjoyment or ultimate benefits.

### An Equitable Division of Honors.

An atrocious newspaper paragraphist, describing the recent marriage of a certain young deacon, with evident malice, relates some conversation that took place between the bride and groom the morning after their wedding. The methodical young church dignitary was arranging their future course of life with his new domestic partner, and remarked: "Now, my dear, it is well for us to begin this sacred relation with proper decorum, and a correct comprehension of its relationship. Whatever is mine is yours, and yours is mine, and, as the minister justly said, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' In fact, my dear, we are one, but I want it distinctly understood that I am to be that one. On this basis we shall live amicably and happily, and, I trust, be abundantly blessed." We cannot believe the impertinent newspaperist heard this at first hands, even by the most persistent keyhole listening, but presume he received it at second or third hands from envious rivals or jealous relations, and so unfavorably disclosed it. We never knew a deacon to entertain such egotistical and ungallant sentiments, but there are many rude men who still consider the female sex a sort of ornamental or subservient appendage to the male biped, and show by their practical conduct how deeply such feelings are imbedded in their natures. They are unwilling to make an equitable division of honors between themselves and the opposite sex, as the facts of nature and growth of noble ideas demand. Although the mills of the gods may grind slow, they grind exceeding fine, and seem to be working out this problem of common equity towards the softer sex with unerring precision. The almost universal prevalence of deft female hands and quick intellects in every department of modern business life, where a few years ago they would have been regarded as out of place, or employed in jeopardy of a good name, shows practical and beneficial progress in events that are likely to reduce coarse oppositionists to impalpable powder by such imperceptible methods that they will probably disappear before they themselves are aware of the fact. We are of the decided opinion that it will be safe from this age forward to allow the female sex at least one-half the space assigned the human race, even though their avoirdupois may not quite equal that of those wearing bifurcated garments.

### Choosing Wisely.

A girl may feel certain on this point—that, as a man treats his mother and sisters, so he will treat his wife six months after marriage. This may seem cold-blooded, very far removed from the tender feelings which courtship induces. But a girl has a choice to make—a choice upon which the happiness of her whole life will depend; and there is always a time, whether she notices it or not, before she parts with the control of her heart, at which she ought to listen to her judgment. Without better evidence than her own feelings, she is very likely to make a mistake; but, if she can assure herself that her lover is a man who is respected and liked by his male friends, and is a favorite at home, she may be pretty sure that in listening to his love she is choosing wisely.

### Labor a Pleasure.

Nothing is ever done in the best manner that is done without delight. The self-denial that is performed as a burdensome duty is far less valuable, for its life and spirit are crushed out. The stranger who takes charge of a child may rigorously compel himself to undergo whatever self-denial he thinks necessary to the child's welfare; but let the mother come, with her full, loving heart, and the sacrifice she makes for its good, without a shade of regret or hesitation, will outweigh a hundred times in real effectiveness the heaviest self-imposed burdens of the other. The same is true in every kind of labor and in every relation of life.

THE Japanese appear to have hit upon the expedient of providing fire-proof storehouses for the reception of furniture and other valuables. As a security against the vast conflagrations which, during the winter months, are so prevalent in Japan, the most perishable and valuable articles are kept in fireproof storehouses known as "mud godowns." These structures are built of mud or, to speak more correctly, of clay. Some of them take as many as three years in building; a double framework of bamboo or slight boarding is run up, and the intervening space, about eighteen inches or two feet wide, is filled in with mud, which is gradually packed and allowed to dry by the action of the atmosphere. At a great fire which occurred last month, and raged for nine hours, destroying a large number of houses, not one of the "mud godowns"—and there were several hundred of them—was injured throughout the entire area of from two to three miles in extent laid waste by the conflagration.

A FRENCH inventor has perfected an apparatus which enables railway despatchers—men who control by telegraph the movements of the trains on the several divisions of the road—to see in a mirror the entire section under their charge. The apparatus consists of a sheet of opaque glass, on which the rails are indicated by horizontal lines and the stations by vertical ones, numbered. Little arrows, representing the trains, move along the horizontal lines. They are put in motion by electricity, developed by the contact or metallic brushes attatched to the locomotives with zinc bands placed along the rails. The train thus continually traces its trajectory on the glass indicator. The apparatus was exhibited a few weeks ago to a commission of Berlin scientists. While ingenious, it is said to be of not so much practical value as would at first appear. By the system now in use, despatchers, knowing their divisions thoroughly, as they invariably do, can see the trains mentally as well as though in a mirror before them.

WHY should a man seeking a wife tear his hair if he may not secure the first object of his choice? Why search the world over to realize an ideal, as the hero of the French romance wandered about in search of a half-forgotten melody? Why not select a woman for judgment, courage, sympathy, tact, and plain, serviceable qualities of mind? The language of the heart is more eloquent than the wit in the head, and it is a gratifying relief to turn from the cold, factious conversation of people who talk with "an eye suspicious towards posterity" to the real and unaffected utterances of a warm and sympathetic heart. A woman is of more concern than a musical instrument to respond to the moods and humors of her master. She is the presiding genius of the household. Here her tender sympathies and womanly instincts come into play; here she commands homage, respect, and devotion, and feels to the fullest extent her power and influence. Rousseau conceived the good to be the beautiful put in action, and ascribed to both a common source in a well-ordered nature.

A LAW has gone into effect in New York city, prohibiting the manufacture of cigars or preparation of tobacco in any apartments occupied for living, sleeping, or household purposes. It is aimed at tenement-house cigar and tobacco manufacturing, and was enacted on the score of public health. Twenty-eight firms are affected; and seven thousand operatives—men, women and children, chiefly Germans and Bohemians—are thrown out of employment. The condition of health and morals of these ill-paid people is said to be frightful. Attempts to evade the law will probably be made.

### The World's Happenings.

Dog thieves are beheaded in China.

Paris is to have a cat show at the Tuileries.

The postal cards sold in this country last year numbered 372,876,760.

An Australian naturalist has discovered the nervous system of the sponge.

In Jamaica coffins are often brought to the house before the sick person is dead.

A very strong solution of salt made boiling hot will kill insects and preserve wood.

Fourteen States have now adopted laws requiring temperance instruction in public schools.

The richest man in Oregon began life by buying on credit a calfskin, tanning it and selling it for $10.

In Virginia, peanuts are now ground into what proves a very fair flour for making pie-crust and other light pastries.

A colored lad, with both arms off at the shoulder, was tried for larceny in Columbus, Ga., a week or so ago, and acquitted.

Horses can now be supplied with artificial tails of the most artistic quality. The biggest tail factory is in Bridgeport, Conn.

There are eighteen thousand veterans going through the world on wooden legs who lost their limbs in the United States civil war.

A quarrel, which resulted in the death of one of the participants, occurred near John's Island Ferry, S. C., recently, over a piece of bacon.

A Connecticut woman, with nothing more useful to do, has made a list of 2228 words from the letters in the word "incomprehensibility."

A hen that has been raised on a Georgia battle-field was killed the other day, and in her gizzard were found twelve copper cartridge shells.

A congress is to assemble in San Domingo on September 10 to decide whether the remains of Christopher Columbus repose there or in Havana.

Two young farmers, who diluted with water the milk sold by their dairies, have been expelled therefor from the Union Grange, at Jamestown, N. Y.

Between wolves and eagles the farmers in the interior of West Virginia have been losing thousands of dollars' worth of sheep and other small stock for weeks past.

An orthodox Mohammedan will neither receive refreshments from a Christian nor smoke a pipe after him, even though the Christian be his guest and social equal.

Sir Justin Aylmer, the heir to an ancient baronetcy having a rent-roll of $25,000 a year, young, handsome, and engaged, fell from a bicycle the other day and broke his neck.

At the annual sheep-shearing in Vermont the heaviest ram's fleece weighed thirty-eight pounds thirteen ounces, and the heaviest ewe's fleece twenty-one pounds nine ounces.

While on his way to an undertaker's, to order a coffin for his child, whose death had been caused by scalds, an Elmira, N. Y., man was struck by a train and instantly killed.

A California farmer claims to have recently released from a haystack, alive, though somewhat lank, a hog that was shown to have been confined therein for fifteen weeks.

It having been determined to abolish the use of epaulettes in the French army, no more will be supplied, and when the present stock is exhausted epaulettes will cease to be worn.

A horse valued at $400 died in Williamsburg, N. Y., a few days ago, from the bite of a rat on the lip. The horse after being bitten rushed frantically at its owner, injuring him.

A jury in Burlington county, N. J., in a recent suit for the killing of a pet rabbit, assessed the damages at $600 for trespass, to which the costs were added, making a total of $1,000.

Twenty-one guns was the salute named in the British army regulations to the Sovereign, and from that it came to be incorporated in our regulations as the naval salute to the President.

A sixteen-year-old youth is dying in Danbury, Conn., from a knife wound inflicted by a lad a year younger than himself in a quarrel growing out of a game of cards and seven-cent stakes.

A San Francisco church advertises for a minister who can preach two sermons, strictly original, every Sabbath—one in the morning for saints, and the other in the evening for sinners.

A down East veteran named Johnson undertook to collect some pension arrears lately, and was amazed to find that his "widow" had got ahead of him on two occasions, so far back as 1863 and 1867.

A new process of drawing and engraving has been devised, by which people or scenes can be photographed of an afternoon, and the electrotype cut gotten ready for printing in the newspaper of the following morning.

Arrangements are being made to hold a six days' convention at Weirs, N. H., in July, at which a representative man from each of the prominent religious denominations is to state his respective belief or creed, and give the reasons for it.

A Bangor, Me., "Business Bureau," has sent out circulars assuring recipients that it has influence with the President, and that all applications intended for official consideration should be sent through the "Bureau," accompanied by $5 retainers.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been visiting the superb city of Lahore, in India. The path they took was strewn with garlands of sweet-smelling flowers, which the elephant they rode on stamped into sweet-smelling incense, filling the air with perfume.

Leaf-cutting bees cut cylindrical and spherical patches out of rose leaves and seal up their nests to protect the young. The mason bees make their houses from small grains of sand and clay, attaching them so solidly to walls that a hammer and chisel must be used to break them off.

### KNOWLEDGE.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

There's much that lacks of human grasp on earth,
Where none can drain fair Learning's ample store;
So like the soul, it blooms of priceless worth,
And well stands destined for a deathless shore.

And tho' man trembling with the woes of age
In spirit waits with mildly passive strife,
To wider ope the ever broadening page,
Of God's great volume—of the "Book of Life,"

As knowledge looms beyond the world's control;
And seems all boundless in that heavenly sphere,
The highest joy, it may be of the soul,
Is there to trace her thro' an endless year.

## The Biter Bitten.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT was Christmas Eve, and a good old-fashioned one, too. The "old lady" above had been steadily "picking her goose" the whole of the day, and was apparently no nearer the body of the bird, for the "feathers" were still thickly descending. Most of the offices were already closed. One house of business, however, in Lombard Street, had retained two clerks on work of a special nature; but they too, having completed their tasks, were preparing to leave as "Big Ben" boomed out the hour of six into the growing stillness of the almost deserted, ghostly-looking city.

"Well! good-bye, Tom, old fellow; I wish you, with all my heart, a merry Christmas."

The speaker, Ernest Lenton, a rather tall young man of six-and-twenty, with an open, good-humored countenance, was addressing his fellow-clerk, Thomas Edgecombe, a decidedly handsome man of thirty; but, like a great many other handsome men, the possessor of a face that was no true index of his heart. He had an almost habitual moroseness, too, which rendered him anything but an agreeable companion. On the present occasion he seemed unusually cheerful, and answered smilingly—

"Good-bye, Ernest, good-bye, and allow me to return the good wishes."

"You needn't have troubled to have done so, old fellow, for it would take old Lucifer himself to upset my happiness this Christmas. In a few hours I shall be in the company of the sweetest and truest girl on the face of the earth! You look incredulous; accept the pater's advice and see Nellie for yourself, then I'm sure you'll endorse my opinion. Come, now, last time of asking."

Ernest was pressing him once again in all seriousness, for he was positively overflowing with peace and goodwill to all men in general, and with love to one lady in particular. Truthful himself, he had given credence to Tom's unfortunate story of his life (by the way a pure fabrication), and had generously sought to include him in the festivities at his father's country residence, Hollybush Lodge. His repeated invitation was in vain, however.

"No, thanks; I have already engaged myself, as I told you before, and can't possibly disappoint; otherwise I should be only too delighted."

Ernest glanced at him a moment, surprised at his unwonted cheerfulness, wished him once more a merry Christmas, and was gone.

No sooner had the door closed than a diabolical expression overspread Tom's features. Alone, he was evidently unable to contain all his thoughts, and began muttering, occasionally employing words entirely foreign to the dictionary. He soon became oblivious of his surroundings, and spoke aloud.

"How I *hate* him! Thank goodness he's out of my sight. I really thought I should have murdered him while he was speaking. He little dreams, poor fool, how I have planned to destroy his happiness."

During the delivery of the foregoing soliloquy, Tom several times dealt an imaginary person a severe blow, the action affording him evident temporary relief. Suddenly remembering himself, he hurriedly locked the office, and walked off in the direction of his lodgings.

Ernest, on leaving business, hailed a cab and was driven to Charing Cross as rapidly as the snow-blocked condition of the streets would allow. He was soon whirling along towards his destination, seated alone in a comfortable second-class car. About twenty minutes had elapsed, when he was startled out of a happy reverie by hearing a gruff voice exclaim—

"That's the joker, Jim! Jump in, sharp; we've got him lovely!" and two powerful, rough-looking fellows sprang into the car as the train steamed slowly on.

An undefined sense of uneasiness crept over Ernest as he wondered whether it were possible he was the person thus coarsely alluded to as the "joker;" but he immediately dismissed the idea as absurd: the men were entire strangers, and could have no business with him. He was speedily undeceived. As soon as the station was well cleared, the taller of the strangers shifted his seat to one directly opposite him, and, giving his companion a knowing wink, began—

"Well, I was afeard we had missed yer, sir, Charing Cross is a very busy crib, ain't it?"

"Pardon me," said Ernest; "you are laboring under a slight mistake; I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"No, my beauty, but yer will have afore long, I'm thinking."

At this mysterious reply both men indulged in a hearty guffaw.

Ernest was becoming somewhat alarmed at their strange behavior, but, still thinking it a case of mistaken identity, produced his card and handed it across. The man grasped it, and, holding it to the car lamp, slowly spelt out the name—Ernest Lenton.

"I *knowed* it was 'im," broke in Jim. "I should have knowed 'im among a thousand by 'is innocent-looking mug."

Ernest protested he was the victim of some mistake or vile conspiracy. He was no coward, yet trembled as he vainly endeavored to fathom their object.

"We'd better humor my gentleman," said the first speaker to his companion; then, turning to Ernest, continued, in a mocking tone, "All right, sir, don't alarm yourself; we'll take *every* care of yer. To begin with, just let me put this 'ere nice warm comforter over yer mouth to keep out the cold," and, suiting the action to the word, he proceeded, with the help of his companion, despite many frantic struggles and shoutings, to securely gag and handcuff the all but powerless victim. Scarcely had the villians finished when the train ran into the station, and Ernest determined to make another desperate struggle for liberty, or at any rate attract attention.

In this he succeeded, for several passengers indignantly inquired of the men what they were doing, as they roughly pushed him along. A hurriedly returned whisper transformed their looks of indignation, as if by magic, to looks of sincere pity.

"Poor fellow," Ernest heard one say; "has he always been so?"

"Yes, more or less," was the reply.

They forced him into a vehicle which was in waiting, and drove a long distance into the country. The horror of that drive Ernest never forgot. At length they stopped, and he was dragged through the snow into the hall of a large, old-fashioned building, known as Belmont House, where his gag and handcuffs were removed. As soon as this measure of liberty was granted, he shouted, excitedly—

"Well, what next? If you mean to murder me, you wretches, do it sharp, and don't torture me any longer."

"Murder, my chernb! no, we don't *murder*. We only takes care of you dangerous people what ain't in a fit state to take care of yerselves. I'll tell yer where yer are if you'll keep quiet a minute; this is a private lunatic hasylum, and me and my mate is the keepers."

A groan escaped Ernest's lips as he gasped—

"I see it all now; the pitying glances of the passengers should have told me sooner. Great Heavens! then I am accounted mad!" Turning fiercely on his keepers, he said, "Who has told you that I am mad? Who has set you on to work this infamy? I swear to you I am *not* mad; *you* must be mad!"

"Ah! same old tale," said Jim, nodding to his companion; "he ain't mad, 'taint likely; it's everybody helse. Funny they allers git that rum notion in their nobs, aint it?"

"You scoundrel! answer my question—who sent me here?"

"I'm blest if I know," was the cool reply; "you com'd of yer own accord, didn't yer?" and both men grinned.

Ernest turned from them in disgust; he saw it was useless bandying words with them, so endeavored to keep as cool as possible.

He was marched off into a padded room in the extremity of the building, and left to his own bitter reflections. What a change a few hours had wrought in his hopes! Instead of enjoying his darling's society, he was suffering solitary confinement, and as a madman. Truly, it was sufficient to turn his reason. Racked with these terrible thoughts, he paced the room for hours in great agitation; at length, becoming thoroughly exhausted, he sank into a troubled slumber, ever and anon starting up and shouting wildly.

* * * * * *

About a fortnight before the events just narrated occured, Tom Edgecombe met Ernest's present "guardians" in London. Discovering the kind of men they were, he bribed them to play a conspicuous part in a vile plot he had concocted. They had informed him that a Mr. Darnley, a new patient, was to be admitted on Christmas Eve, and Tom prevailed on them to agree to substitute his fellow-clerk for the genuine patient, tell him he was mad and treat him as a violent lunatic. Everything seemed to play into the plotter's hands. Dr. Harbourn, the principal of the asylum, arranged to be up in town on the 24th, return in the evening, and shortly after proceed with his ward to a friend's house for a brief Christmas holiday, leaving the keepers and an old female housekeeper in charge. "So far, so good," Tom remarked at the time to the men; "but suppose the doctor should return to Belmont House *after* you: he might want to see the patient."

"Of course he would," replied one of the "angels;" "but what 'ud that matter? I should say, 'ere's Mr. Darnley, sir; 'e's reyther violent; and then the patient 'ud most likely start swearing 'e was some one else, and all that sort er thing; but the doctor 'ud only say, 'Quite right, sir, quite right,' and would't take no more notice. Yer see *he's* used to 'em and their runaways and 'ud think 'im mad enough, don't you fret. Why, the last chap we 'ad used to swear hev'ry day of 'is blessed life that 'e was the Prince o' Wales, and could jolly well prove it, too, if we'd only take the trouble to fetch 'is mother. Why, the doctor started to fetch that there woman about one hundred and fifty times, just to humor my gentleman. That'll be all serene, guvnor. As for the real cracked chap, I'll git 'im took care of for a spell."

The keepers had further arranged between themselves to borrow a few of the doctor's "nick-nacks," as they termed his valuables, and decamp before his return after Christmas.

* * * * * *

As soon as Ernest was safely secured in the asylum, the keepers despatched a telegram to Tom acquainting him with their success. He had just finished reading it with great satisfaction when a stranger stepped into his room, without troubling to go through the formality of knocking, and requested his name.

"Thomas Edgecombe."

"The same. Mr. Thomas Edgecombe, you are 'wanted' on suspicion of picking a gentleman's pocket in the Strand this afternoon."

"Pocket-picking!" was the astonished reply. "You've got hold of the wrong man, my friend; I haven't been near the Strand to-day."

"You must tell that to the marines, old party; it won't wash with this gentleman."

"But I take my oath I didn't leave the office between one o'clock and six," Tom continued, with some warmth; "you are off the scent entirely."

"I may be *off* the *scent*, but I shan't be *sent off* with any of your tales, all the same," replied the detective, laughing at his own pun. "Considering the gentleman was robbed about five, it stands to reason you must have left the office unbeknown to yourself, which, to say the least of it, was *extremely* awkward. There can't be no mistake about it, for you answer the description to a 'T, so you'd better *walk off* quietly; it's the *shortest* way in the *long run*."

"I tell you, fellow, I can prove what I say," said Tom, whose temper was now fairly aroused. "I have a fellow-clerk who can—who can——"

"Tell lies as fast as you can," and the "limb of the law" completed the half-finished sentence. With the proverbial astuteness of the "force," he had interpreted the hesitation as conclusive evidence of guilt, and, without deigning to offer any further remark, marched the bewildered prisoner off.

The detective had altogether mistaken the cause of the hesitation. The truth was, Tom, in his excitement, had forgotten Ernest, and it was not until he had occasion to mention his fellow-clerk that the hopelessness of his own situation dawned suddenly upon him.

Arrested upon a false charge, with the maddening knowledge of having, by his own wickedness, destroyed the only evidence of his innocence, made him almost beside himself with frenzied rage. It would be useless to recall Ernest, even if that were possible, for what was the value of a madman's testimony? To make a full confession would only aggravate his case, and he cursed himself bitterly as he mechanically accompanied the officer.

Meanwhile, the housekeeper of Belmont House had received a telegram from the doctor, stating he would be unavoidably detained in London till Christmas Day, and that if his ward, Miss Strafford, had arrived from Bournemouth, she was to be made as comfortable as possible, and endeavor for this once to overcome her prejudice against sleeping on the premises; he would return as early as possible in the morning.

Miss Strafford had arrived as expected, and, after certain misgivings, consented to acquiesce in the doctor's wishes.

She had retired to rest some three or four hours, when she awoke in a terrible fright, with the perspiration streaming from every pore. Hark! what was that? Surely screams of murder, like she had heard in her horrid dream. She was no believer in ghosts and haunted houses; nevertheless, she was fast becoming a convert, when she suddenly recollected the house she was sleeping in. After all, then, she had been listening to the cries of a madman—perchance a sane man branded as a lunatic, and confined by some designing relative; she had heard and read of such horrible things.

To her intense relief, the cries gradually grew fainter and fainter, and finally subsided altogether. She was too unnerved to attempt sleeping again that night, or rather morning, so dressed herself and waited. She watched the dawning of that glorious Christmas morn, revealing the unsurpassed beauties of the country covered with virgin snow.

Lost in contemplation, she was surprised to hear of Dr. Harbourn's arrival, and immediately sought him. The greeting over, he remarked her haggard appearance, when she briefly explained the cause, expressing the fear that something was wrong.

"Ah!" the doctor replied; "I suspect you were disturbed by the new patient; I hear he is rather violent. I will at once see him myself. Meanwhile, get your breakfast, restore your faded roses, and prepare to start. I will return shortly."

Dr. Harbourn saw the patient, and acted, to a great extent, as the keeper had predicted.

Ernest's protestations of sanity he listened to complacently, then left him with the assurance of speedy relief, imagining the patient would soon forget all about his false promises. He cautioned the keepers to give him every careful attention during his brief absence.

Shortly after, Miss Strafford and the doctor left Belmont House. On the way to the station, she questioned him closely concerning the new patient, taking a peculiar interest in his answers. When he mentioned, as a curious coincidence, that the man would insist his name was not Darnley, but Lenton, her suspicions were crowned, and after some difficulty persuaded the doctor to return and let her see the man.

The patient was taken by the keepers into the drawing-room, and, on beholding Miss Strafford, broke away from his guards and affectionately embraced her. The doctor stood by, dumb with astonishment; but, on the relationship of the ward and patient being explained, he ordered the men, on pain of arrest, to disclose all. Their own safety being assured, they confessed everything, to the utter astonishment of all parties. Ernest was the first to speak.

"I can't, for the life of me, fathom it at all," he said. "Tom seemed unusually pleasant last night."

"Perhaps I can help to solve the mystery," Nellie blushingly replied. "A year ago, at Bournemouth, Thomas Edgecombe declared his passionate love for me. I told him I could never return it. A few days afterwards he was missing, and a woman appeared in the town making inquiries for her husband, Fred Wareham, *alias* Thomas Edgecombe, who had cruelly deserted her. I never mentioned the circumstance to anyone," she added, "as I thought it best forgotten."

"That man must be an out-and-out scamp," said the doctor; he robbed me yesterday afternoon in the Strand, and was the sole cause of my delay."

"This time he is unjustly accused," replied Ernest, smiling; "he was in the office with me from one to six."

"Then there must be two scoundrels very much alike!" exclaimed the doctor, "and they have arrested the wrong one. I'm heartily glad they *have* blundered; it will do him good to spend his Christmas in jail."

But Ernest possessed a generous, forgiving disposition, and quickly decided on his revenge. He rightly concluded Tom's wicked action had been prompted by jealousy, and forgave him. Moreover, he calmly reasoned with the doctor. That gentleman, being very favorably impressed with his ward's choice, of whom he had heard a great deal, but never before seen, allowed himself ("just to humor the patient," as he jokingly remarked) to be prevailed upon to return to town with Ernest, and endeavor to obtain the unhappy man's release.

This was with difficulty accomplished, and when Tom heard how his plot was discovered, and how magnanimously Ernest had acted, his hard heart was touched, and he burst into tears and sobbed—

"May God bless you, Ernest Lenton; you deserve to be happy, for you are the only true man I have ever known. I will take your advice and emigrate, and with the help of the God whom you so faithfully serve I *will* endeavor to be a better man. Good-bye! God bless you, God bless you!"

On the return of the good Samaritans they found the keepers had already departed, *minus* the "nick-nacks." They evidently preferred spending their Christmas under a more congenial roof.

The doctor therefore decided to remain at home, and bade the happy couple God-speed.

On their arrival at Hollybush Lodge they received a very hearty welcome. Of course the party was already aware of all the circumstances, and Ernest was the lion of the occasion.

The following Christmas Eve Ernest spent in his own home, and the name of his keeper was Nellie.

## A Wife's Repentance.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT was a placid summer eventide. Two men were walking away from a lawn-tennis ground in a suburb of a big Midland city. The one was old, and the other young. The one—and that the elder—wore the gay costume of the player; his companion was in plain business dress, and the red rays of the declining sun emphasied other points of contrast. The face of the younger man was worn and haggard, and upon it rested an expression of incipient despair. His friend's was flushed with exertion, beaming with good humor, and testifying—as distinctly as countenance could—to easy circumstances and freedom from carking care. But gravity, like mirth, is infectious, and the wrinkles deepened a little on James Poynton's brow as he listened to the gloomy utterances of the wounded, foreboding spirit by his side.

"It is pleasure and display—display and pleasure continually," Arthur Hopely groaned. "Maud seems to have no single thought for anything beside. I wish a dozen times a week that she and I had never met. We might both have been happy then. She with some rich husband, who could gratify her every whim, and I in my plodding loneliness."

"But you would not have believed this before marriage—say three years ago."

"Probably not; the lesson has been taught by a bitter experience, and taught most effectually. What wife who really aimed at being the helpmeet of the man she had sworn to honor and obey"—there was a biting satire in the tone—"would linger yonder when she knew her husband was in distress, and even danger?"

"It is not so bad as that, I hope. You are too much of a pessimist, Arthur."

"There is actual, menacing danger. I may be ruined at this very moment; I cannot tell. And it will be largely Maud's fault. Then, too, she leaves her child to the mercies of a hired servant. In some sense that is even a worse desertion; it appears more openly heartless."

"I cannot comfort you, I fear," the older man said, after a pause; "the mischief is

beyond my art; I can simply recommend patience and forbearance. If it were possible to accommodate you with a further loan I would, but for several reasons that is out of the question. I have no spare capital, but the debt that does exist need not worry you very greatly. I shall not press you for it under present circumstances."

"Thank you, Mr. Poynton; you are exceedingly generous."

As here the paths of the friends divided, they shook hands and parted.

Arthur Hopley was a struggling Craythorpe mill-owner, on whose adventures and speculations the sun of prosperity seemed resolutely to refuse to shine. At the present date, as his conversation has shown, he was in grievous difficulties. Some of his embarrassments were admittedly the legacy of his predecessor at Canada Mills. But others were of his own seeking. Three years before, he had been smitten by the combined charms of a pretty face, a piquant figure, and a soft, musical voice. He had yielded to the sweet young passion, and had asked the hand of Maud Fenshaw in marriage. An impoverished gentleman's daughter, portionless and lonely, it was not likely that the girl would put from her so promising a chance of settlement. Neither had she. The wedding had duly taken place, and the awakening had long since arrived. The disappointed husband had discovered that his wife was ignorant of the very commonest principles of home management; that there was no single department of household affairs which she was qualified to superintend. She could neither cook nor sew, neither buy provisions thriftily, nor rule servants discreetly. The glitter of romance wore away, and beneath it was no gold of loving, practical wisdom.

Worse remained behind. The young manufacturer's wife proved to have very expensive habits and tastes which were decidedly out of harmony with the position into which she had so eagerly stepped. She dragged her husband as a sort of trophy behind the triumphal chariot of her pride, and year by year fixed the shackles of hopeless debts more tyrannically about him.

It was useless to expostulate. She had the woman's art of weeping, and at sight of those meek, defensive tears Arthur's courage oozed away. He laid his righteous anger aside, and became, despite himself, once again the tender, pliable lover.

When, in the fulness of time, a young life had dawned in their home, he hoped for, and expected, a change. But the relief had been but temporary. Even the prattle of baby lips could not wean the mother from her galeties. She engaged a nurse at a high rate of salary, and seemed to imagine that with that, and with an occasional caress, her duties after a few months had ceased. Then, indeed, Arthur Hopely came to call his marriage an insanity.

At last a crisis had arrived. Competition in foreign markets, with increased quotations for materials, had cut down the mill-owner's profits almost to vanishing point. And in defiance of every effort and remonstrance, his home expenses had mounted higher and yet higher. He had borrowed of Mr. James Poynton, a fellow—but more happily-placed—manufacturer, and in this way had staved off the evil day. But that resource was now exhausted, and the howl of the wolf grew distinctly audible to an ear rendered by misfortune so portentously acute.

There had been a rumor in the morning's paper that a Paris firm—heavily on the credit side of his ledger—had suspended payment. Should the report prove well-founded, it was inevitable that Arthur Hopely should follow suit. He had since received a letter on other urgent business from an agent in the North, and had gone in person to find his wife, and to inform her that he might have to leave Craythorpe at an hour's notice.

Maud had strolled a dozen yards away from her companions to hear, and but half comprehend, his rapid, hoarse sentences; to murmur plaintively in reply, "What a bother, dear;" and then return to her game quite unperturbed.

It had been on his lips to warn her of the impending catastrophe, but he had refrained. It could serve no good purpose, and it might provoke a scene.

Arrived at his comfortably-furnished, pleasantly-situated home, the luckless young man—he was but two-and-thirty—flung himself into a chair in the drawing-room, and covered his face with his hot and feverish hands. If only he could as easily have blotted out the past three years of his life!

Almost at the same instant the bell rang in the hall below, and sent an involuntary quiver through his every nerve. The premonition of further disaster was justified by the event. The yellow envelope which the servant presented held a Continental dispatch of grave moment. It altered Arthur's plans, and led to great issues. Without delay he scribbled a hasty note to his wife, laid this on her dressing-table, and packed a few necessary articles helter-skelter into his travelling case. Then he went up into the nursery and kissed his sleeping child. Ten minutes later he was at the railway station.

Cynics say that quite the major portion of human suffering and sorrow is of home manufacture—born of thoughtlessness—and in individual experience there is much that shows them right. Decidedly it was want of adequate reflection that led Mrs. Hopely into her course of folly and consequent misery. She was a well-meaning woman, and she loved both her husband and her babe. But she had been trained in a bad school, and her ideal of wifely duty was not a lofty one. To do her lord credit by always looking fresh and charming, to maintain an hospitable table, to decorate her home for the admiration of all comers—these were her notions of success in the matrimonial relationship. The providing of ways and means was her husband's province; and she began to have a fear that Arthur was stingy—he had refused her several quite trivial requests lately. This was terrible, and she was halting on the verge of a declared rebellion. Surely a mill proprietor employing three hundred hands need not cling so tightly to the balance at his banker's. As for the stories he told of hard times, she did not believe them. They were bogus inventions intended to silence her legitimate demands. If he grumbled at the expense she was to him, why had he married her? This was Maud's reasoning, and she held it flawless.

The shadows had lengthened on the tennis ground, and reluctantly the votaries of the fashionable amusement abandoned the greensward. Mrs. Hopely was one of the last to leave. She was an enthusiast, and a very popular partner. She sauntered slowly homewards with Mrs. Craig, a surgeon's wife.

"I am sorry my husband did not stay," she said; "a game would have done him good, and I believe he could have spared the time if he would. 'Where there's a will there's a way.'"

Canada House seemed strangely dark as she reached it. She had expected to see lights in the drawing-room; Arthur usually awaited her there when—as on this occasion—he had obstinately declined relaxation between the nets. But the huge bow-windows loomed up dark and deserted. An unaccountable tremor seized her. She remembered now the wild and ominous gleam in Arthur's eyes, which she had interpreted as the sign of a bad temper. Could there be a measure of truth after all in her husband's prophecies of evil.

Maud crossed the hall with swift feet, and there, on the drawing-room, she could detect in the soft twilight the fateful telegram. In his haste, Arthur had forgotten it. She took it up, and almost ran to the hall lamp, and read:—

"We fear the worst. The chance of resisting the pressure is very slender. Josolin Bros. have collapsed."

There were other sentences which, for Maud, had no meaning. But she had comprehended enough. She knew that the house which wired thus was inseparably connected with her husband's fortunes. She had heard him repeat many times that they alone stood between himself and ruin. In a moment she had been transformed from a heedless sceptic into a terror-stricken culprit.

And where was Arthur? She inquired of the servants to no purpose. She despatched a message to the foreman of the mills, who lived half a mile away. He could tell her nothing. She sought everywhere for the letter that Arthur had promised to leave behind if at any time he had to hurry unexpectedly out of town. The search was vain.

"Master seemed awfu' strange, ma'am," said the Yorkshire nurse in a sombre whisper; "he went upstairs to Edith before he left."

A nameless dread possessed Maud's mind. She seemed to see her tired and wearied husband lying before her stark and cold. What if the farewell he had so evidently taken had been a final one? Now, indeed, began her terrible self-upbraiding. She, too, had chosen glitter—the glitter of pride and pleasure—and forgotten and neglected the gold of her husband's love and confidence. Was it too late to repent?

In action was her only relief. She hurried to consult Mr. Poynton, on whose advice and help she knew the young manufacturer placed considerable reliance. He could supply neither information nor comfort. He rather added to her anguish by his implied rebukes of her own conduct.

"Sir," she cried, "I know that I have acted foolishly—wickedly; I see it all now. But bring Arthur back to me, and I shall all be altered."

Alas, the wild outburst was fruitless!

"I am no magician," Mr. Poynton replied, coldly.

The morrow dawned and brought no news. It seemed to Maud that the harassing uncertainty would infallibly drive her mad. It might have done so but for her little one. There was Edith at least to protect and battle for. The fountain of maternal love burst in this hour of sore affliction through the frost of sham gentility and made Maud Hopely a changed woman. She clung to Edith as to her one remaining treasure, and as though fearing that, by an evil fate, even this might be wrenched from her grasp. If sundry members of the Craythorpe Lawn Tennis Club could have caught a glimpse of their fashionable comrade in this trying time they would have been astounded.

The mills were started as usual. Their routine were fully arranged for, and the disappearance of the master would not at this stage have the material consequence of a dead-lock.

The day wore on and there came a message from the Glasgow agent which finally disposed of any lingering hope that Arthur might be in Scotland. Inquiry at the railway station had previously left this in doubt, for the traveller had simply taken a ticket to Fenley Junction, from whence he might have journeyed either north or south, east or west, as he elected.

Maud could rest in Craythorpe no longer. She again consulted Mr. Poynton.

"I am going to London," she said. "I have the addresses of several of our firms, and will see if they can tell me anything of Arthur's whereabouts—if he still lives."

There was a tiny gasp in her voice as she uttered the final words, otherwise she was wonderfully calm and collected, and amazed her listener.

"Indeed, Mrs. Hopely, it is a peculiar quest," he began.

"It is," she interrupted. "Excuse me, I am sure I can guess what you are going to remark—that I may do evil rather than good by my adventure. But I will speak and act warily, and in no sense compromise Arthur's reputation; and I must start—I *must!*"

That yearning wail touched the old man's heart.

"Success be with you," he answered, warmly. "In your absence I will do anything I can to assist—even to taking the oversight of the factory, if required."

But he also feared that he addressed a suicide's widow, and that her errand would be utterly and miserably a failure.

* * * * *

By herculean efforts, Arthur Hopely had contrived at the eleventh hour to avert ruin. In reply to the Paris telegram he had invited the sender thereof to meet him immediately in the English metropolis. The two had then interviewed a famous capitalist, upon whose aid the Frenchman, as Arthur was aware, had some slight prior claim. They had plainly proved their solvency, if once the present crisis could be tided over. And after, so to speak, raking him fore and aft with questions—questions both pertinent and impertinent—the man of millions had graciously consented to come to the rescue.

It had been a tedious, harassing business; and between the mental strain and the physical fatigue induced by the dust and fiery glare of London streets, the young manufacturers rejoiced at the prospect of a return to Craythorpe. His heart was lighter now; and, with set teeth, he resolved to insist at length on a systematic reformation in home expenditure.

"There will be a fight," he soliloquised, "and very like some unpleasantness; but I will be firm and win; there is no help for it else."

He did not dream that his triumph was already achieved.

Slowly his train steamed out of St. Pancras, and slowly another steamed in. Idly he gazed out of the carriage windows at the passing panorama of wayfarers. In that minute his eyes were transfixed by Maud's, and his lethargy forsook him. He almost sprang to his feet in the shock of surprise. What should bring his wife to London? Was Edith ill—dead? Had new disasters occurred? He could but change at the next station and come back. If Maud had recognized him in her turn she would certainly wait.

With feverish haste he leaped out on to the arrival platform, and defiant for once of the proprieties which she had so long worshipped, Maud darted with a little cry to meet him. She clung to his arm with a grip of steel, and burst into a paroxysm of subdued weeping.

Gently Arthur drew her into a retired corner and asked what was amiss.

"You were gone—— I feared I had driven you away—forever!"

"I left a letter to explain, dearest."

"I did not find it."

There was a moment's pause, and then Arthur hit on the solution of the mystery.

"The window of your boudoir was open, and the breeze must have carried my note out of reach," he said. "I am sorry you should have been frightened."

"I am not sorry—now," she answered, still in tears; "for the awful dread has taught me a great lesson. Can you ever forgive my madness, my indifference, Arthur? If, as folks say, 'it is never too late to mend,' you shall yet have a loyal and an obedient wife. Will you pity, and forgive, and help me, my husband?"

His reply was a kiss of heartfelt gratitude.

Maud Hopely kept her vow. She had tested the glitter of life, and found it to be as truly vanity and vexation

"To-day—as when the good king spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars."

She understood now that the gold of true peace and happiness was only to be coined out of the humble, resolute performance of daily duties. Her husband and her family became the centres of her ambition, and, as a consequence, there dawned an infinite contentment.

## Nellie's Husband.

BY JAMES E. MEARS.

"PLEASE, 'm, the image."

"What image, Jane?"

"The stone one on the mantelpiece, ma'am. I didn't only dust it and it broke."

"I knew that would go next," said Mrs. Goshen. "Well, Jane, anything more?"

"Yes'm. I was just leaning over to pick up the pieces, and I rested my hand on the table, and it went flop; and the lamp—of course, and the what's-name with the tickets."

"The china card-basket?"

"Yes'm. And the shade's broke and the chimney, and the cover of the 'lography album."

"Anything else, Jane?"

"No'm. Only the inkstand. Master left it there unbeknown last night, and cook says Junyerwell water will take ink out. Only maybe it'll eat a hole in the carpet. Shall I try it?"

"Don't trouble yourself, Jane," said Mrs. Goshen, with sardonic politeness. "Well?"

"No'm——oh, the dog. He was under the table, and I think his leg is broke."

"Go downstairs, and bring the poor creature up here," said Mrs. Goshen.

Jane descended, and returned with a fine small greyhound, who was moaning piteously.

"That nasty cat!" she remarked, with a snort as she put the dog into her mistress's arms.

"Well?" said Mrs. Goshen, with a gasp.

"Why, while I was up here a telling you what had happened, he came in at the window, and ate up the keynary," said Jane. "I hit him with the broom, and he flowed through the window into the street, right through that jodunyare with the things growing in it, and it went over, and them chany pictures are all smashed."

"Anything more, Jane."

"Well, 'm' I only'd like to say there was no agreement to take anything out of my wages."

"How long, Jane, do you suppose it would take you to make twenty pounds out of twelve pounds a year?" said Mrs. Goshen, calmly.

"I couldn't tell without a slate and pencil, and then maybe I couldn't," said Jane; "I'd best ask the grocer's boy when he comes, but I ain't goin' to put up with no such thing when there weren't no agreement."

"Put up with what, Jane," said Mrs. Goshen.

But Jane banged out of the room, and ten minutes after, just as Mrs. Goshen discovered that the greyhound's leg was really broken, two forms appeared at the door and two voices said in a chorus—

"We're a-goin'."

"Going?" cried Mrs. Goshen. "Why I expect company."

"I can't help that, ma'am," said the cook. "Jane says you've threatened to take breakage out of our wages, and we ain't going to run no risks."

"Jane is mistaken," said Mrs. Goshen.

"You bade me figger up," said Jane.

"And I've lived where breakages was took out before," said the cook. "So good-bye to you, ma'am."

And then the room door banged.

Steps trudged down the stairs.

The street door was flung open, and left so.

And Mrs. Goshen was awakened to the consciousness that she was left alone in a disordered house to prepare dinner for a select party of four, one of whom was actually a man of title.

She really felt that an earthquake which could swallow her and her troubles would be a welcome occurrence.

She had felt that it would not be easy to entertain Professor Fitz Foodleum, and young Lord Forrest, as they should be entertained, even with the house at its best, and her cook as good a one as it was possible to procure, if one could not afford a French artist.

But now her finest ornaments were gone, her kitchen deserted.

Her boarding-school education had left cooking out of its extras.

She could scorch a beefsteak and make tea, that was all.

As she descended to the parlor, she crushed the tears back from her eyes, for crying made her nose red.

But they sprang to them again as she looked upon the wreck Jane had left behind her.

There lay the over-set table, the broken lamp, and its shade in fragments.

The head of the beautiful shepherdess rolled upon the floor.

The *jardiniere* had toppled over.

The painted tiles had tumbled down.

The flowers hung drooping.

A few feathers of the canary blew about the room, and his cage lay upon the seat of a velvet chair, with the water-cup upset, and a little rill trickling down one polished leg.

Dust covered everything, and even as she gazed, the poor dog upstairs howled loudly.

"I must have the limb set," said she, "and I can't leave the house. What shall I do?"

As she spoke the bell rang.

"Not company," she cried.

But she opened the door.

There on the step stood a cheery young friend and neighbor, who nodded and smiled as though trouble had never come near her and never would.

It was Nellie Barker, the orphan niece of an old couple who had adopted her because they were ashamed not to do so, and who had made her very useful ever since.

However, she had had an excellent education before her parents' death, and had read and studied whenever she had an opportunity.

She was a large, handsome girl, who could not only play on the piano, paint flowers, and speak French better than most "finished" young ladies, but who could bake, boil, wash, iron, cook and sew—the sort of girl not often found nowadays.

"I'm so glad it's only you, Nellie," said Mrs. Goshen. "Do come see what has happened."

And she drew her friend into the front parlor, and having pointed out the traces of the work of destruction instituted by the departed Jane, entered into an account of the occurrence and ended with the words:

"And Professor Fitz Foodleum, and Mrs. Fitz Foodledum, and Miss Foodleum, and young Lord Forrest—a nobleman, Nellie—invited to dinner; and what shall I do?—and what will poor, dear Charles do and say?"

"It is terrible, dear," said Nellie. "Let me look at her—head off, hand gone. Well, dear, we'll stick the head on. I bought some cement at the druggist's when I was

there. The head will stay; the hand—well, the hand is pretty well shattered, but I think we'll manage that. You must hold it steady for a few minutes. Now, who is to know at a distance, and visitors don't go close to examine them?"

"It does look wonderfully well," said Mrs. Goshen.

"And let us lift up the table," said Nellie "and dust it—there—and replace the cloth—so—and the lamp is not hurt. You have another chimney—of course the shade is gone—sweep up the pieces—what a shame; but you have a paper shade, havn't you?"

"That hideous old thing," said Mrs. Goshen.

"I know," said Nellie; "but give it to me, and let me show you something. Take those ferns and autumn leaves that you pressed last summer and tack them all over the shade with needle and green silk. You do such things beautifully. When the light is lit it will be lovely—let the ferns all run one way, so. Do it while I set up the *jardiniere*. I can make it hold for one night—and turn the broken side outward. We'll shut the inside shutters and—here it is, only you mustn't touch it—and we'll hang the empty cage between the curtains.

"Of course it's dreadful; but you won't be shamed by them to-night. Where is that pretty crimson rug? We must cover the ink with it and draw up this large chair before it, that it may not look odd.

"Thank goodness, the photograph album has two sides. No one ever looks at a photograph album unless it is insisted upon that he shall, nowadays. So—right side up with care; we'll make all safe."

"What a genius you are, Nellie," said poor Sylvia. "The room looks habitable again. But, oh! the dinner."

"I'll cook that," said Nellie. "I've been thinking it over. I'll cook the dinner, and wait too."

"Oh you shan't! And it would be absurd!" cried Mrs Goshen.

"I can cook as well as any living woman. I know just what to do. Show me where all that is needful is, and then go and dress. All will be right."

"You shan't," gasped Mrs Goshen.

But she was overpowered.

An hour afterwards she wore her best black silk and pearl ornaments, while Nellie in one of her old wrappers, flew about the kitchen.

"You angel," cried Mrs. Goshen, from the door.

"Go away, Sylvia. You'll bother me, and get your face flushed."

Mrs Goshen felt guilty, but she could not well help herself.

Her guests came.

The learned professor, his wife and sister, and the tall, blonde-whiskered, fair-haired young man, to whom belonged the title of Lord Forrest, appeared to enjoy the simple entertainment very thoroughly.

Never was a better dinner, or a neater and prettier waiting maid.

If Charles Goshen stared at her in a daze he had tact enough to keep silence.

Everything went off well, and when the guests were gone, and not before, Miss Barker came laughing into the parlor to receive her thanks and compliments.

"I'm sure I enjoyed it," she said. "I heard your professor talk, and I saw your nobleman, and he's a handsome man, worth looking at, and none of them will ever see Nellie Barker again. So what does it matter if they thought her a servant?"

And that, Nellie thought, was to be the end of it.

But it was not.

A week later Lord Forrest called upon Mr. Goshen, and requested a private interview.

"Which I preface by the remark that I am, and have always been considered, an eccentric man," he said. "I shall surprise you, I know, by asking the name of the person who waited at table when I had the pleasure of dining with you last Monday."

"Before I answer, I must know the reason you ask, sir," said Mr. Goshen.

"Undoubtedly, sir," said Lord Forrest. "I suppose you will think I have gone mad, but I have fallen in love with her. She is above her station, I am sure. The few words she uttered had an intonation unusual in one of her class. I am my own master, and will have her educated, and if she will have me, marry her. I never admired anyone so much before, and I shall be proud of placing her where she deserves to be placed. Whatever she may be called, she is undoubtedly a lady."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Goshen. "She is a lady; her position is not what you suppose it to be. You may think her mad when I tell how she came to wait on our table."

Then he told the story.

"I suppose Sylvia could not help herself—could not refuse to allow it," he said. "Nellie has a will of her own."

"She certainly did an eccentric thing," said the young lord, "but see what a very odd thing I was about to do myself. Will you introduce me?"

The introduction was accomplished, and to-day Nellie Barker is Lady Forrest.

That would be nothing, were she not also a happy wife, but she is, and Mrs. Goshen says she deserves to be.

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THE debt of humanity to brute creation can never be enforced, and therefore it is never paid; but, for that very reason, it is a debt which it is mean and cowardly to repudiate. Whoever abuses one of these helpless creatures, either by overwork, or ill-treatment, or wanton neglect, or cruel sport, disgraces his own manhood.

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WHY is a mangy mongrel like a pig? Because he's a poor cur.

## THE EAGLE AND THE STAG.

A SINGULAR struggle was witnessed lately in Canada, between a large and powerful eagle and a finely antlered stag. The king of birds was watched for some time as he hovered about on high above a herd of deer, which appeared to possess particular interest for him. The noble bird was slowly descending as he majestically sailed around in his aerial circles, and by degrees getting nearer and nearer to his quarry. At last reaching striking distance, he suddenly came to a halt in mid-air, and pausing himself on outspread wings, he seemed for a few seconds perfectly motionless. Then like a bullet from a rifle he swooped down, and in an instant his claws were firmly fixed in the back of a fine large stag. The monarch of the glen plunged about in the wildest possible manner, evidently in great terror and pain, the eagle holding on grimly, belaboring the stag's sides all the while with heavy blows from its wings, and when an opportunity offered, making desperate darts with its beak at the eyes of the frightened deer. By this time the poor stag's brown sides were red and gory, and notwithstanding his frantic efforts, he could not disengage himself from his strong and cruel foe.

At last, seeming to discover that his antlers could reach his savage enemy, he commenced raking fore and aft with them in the most vigorous manner, until he managed to send the eagle sprawling in the heather. The stag had gallantly freed himself; but he had not bounded far when his fierce assailant, recovering from his discomfiture, was again on the wing and in full chase, and in a few seconds down he came again, and firmly fixed his powerful claws in the deer's haunches, so far back as to be out of reach of the antlers. At this juncture, as if in despair, the stag commenced to tumble about, throwing himself on the ground and rolling over down the hill. But still the eagle seemed incapable of letting go his tenacious grip. The stag then put his head down between his fore legs throwing himself clean over—heels over head—several times. It was indeed a wild, a wonderful, and a most unusual sight. The stag's efforts were successful, and getting clear of his murderous enemy, he galloped off. The eagle was, however, speedily up again and in full chase; but his victim made his escape sure by rushing full speed down the hill into the woods.

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"TO BOOT."—In no other city in the world does the practice of giving customers something "to boot" obtain to the extent it does in Berlin. This tax on merchants has grown heavier and heavier under the strife of competition, until now it is said to be almost cheaper to buy than to go without. Confection houses give Chinese shawls, hats and satchels; grocers bribe cooks with gifts of soap; butchers give extra slices of ham and dry goods dealers give dress patterns, valuable according to the value of the purchase is much or little. The practice is most general among booksellers, who give toys, dolls, games, pencils and the like, and recently in one of the Berlin schools the police had actually to be called in, the pupils having got into a violent quarrel over some fire-crackers obtained by one of them as boot in a book-store purchase.

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### An Interesting Interview.

A reporter recently called at Cady's Commercial College, 14th St. and University Place, N. Y., and asked an interview with the principal of that institution, Mr. Chas. E. Cady, in regard to the truth or falsity of certain statements which had been made about his having been cured of a bad chronic nasal Catarrh by Compound Oxygen; the matter being of especial benefit to the public, as a very large number of people in America are afflicted with this troublesome and often disgusting disease. Mr. Cady cheerfully responded to his enquiries and made substantially the following statement:

"By the time I was twenty-one I had catarrh, deep seated and fixed. It came on so slowly that I hardly knew it was catarrh. I was continually hawking and spitting. I became a nuisance to myself, and I knew I was to other people. There was a constant dripping into my throat. I always had a weak stomach, and this made it weaker. I was in the grip of this horrible Catarrh.

"After trying sundry remedies without advantage, I resolved to make an experiment with Compound Oxygen, and procured a Home Treatment. In the short space of four weeks great improvement was visible. I continued the treatment at intervals, for nearly six months, when my Catarrh, which had been unusually obstinate, was at an end. The unpleasant secretions disappeared, and also the pain in my head, which had accompanied them. The necessity for hawking and spitting disappeared, my stomach grew stronger and my digestion better.

"This was about three years ago. Since then I have had no return of the Catarrh. I know my cure must be reasonably permanent, for I have taken several slight colds which have passed away without leaving any evil effects. During my Catarrh days such colds would have aggravated my disease to a serious extent.

"You may quote me as freely as you please as a firm believer in the virtues of Compound Oxygen.

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

### Modes Materials and Methods at Metropolitan Centres.

The pen—"mightier than the sword"—has ample scope for the exercise of proverbial prowess in treating the season's fashions.

Strong points there are in the methods of the modes; but weak ones, too, tempered though they be with feminine caprice.

That sign manual of style, yclept the latest novelty, is found in many fascinating guises in this vast metropolis where the first points of the ingenuities of all climes concentre.

Textile departures run a gamut of grades from the simple print at 3c per yard to the latest eliminations of loom-craft in silk, velvet or brocha, from $3.00 upward.

Materials selected for occasions of ceremony are gorgeous beyond description—with resplendent garnitures.

The dress of the period is oppressed with laces, bead guadeloupes of jet or gold, silver and steel-studded passamenterie, or velvet appliques.

Sequins, imitating in shape the gold ornaments worn by Oriental women matching the ground of material or trimming, fall, *en tablier* from a network of chenille embroidery.

Long full bodices, and those with corsage diagonally closed, and prolonged below the waist line, with draperies down-flowing in supple folds, are noteworthy imitations of the modes displayed at Lord & Taylor's.

Summer dresses made of black China crape are very rich, having embroidered skirt and black lace overdress; but black satin Rhadames skirt and under dress, with overdress of black Liama or Chantilly lace in the old patterns, is a still handsomer costume.

A feature of morning dresses and all elegant house-dresses is the profusion of ribbon trimming. Bows, flots, cascades, panels, and floating loops and ends of ribbon appear in great quantity.

The free use of steel and silver braid, tinsel, fringe, balls, embroidery or *motifs*, can render even silver gray loud and striking.

Skirts of summer dresses, when of wash materials are made after simple models, quite full, with two flounces, a few tunks, and sometimes two skirts, one falling over the other, but looped only with tapes and skirts, which may be taken out when laundered.

A novel feature in summer costumes is that the sleeves are very much trimmed. The trimming is frequently put in from the inside of the shoulder to the bend of the arm, and consists of light or heavy laces, braid, passamenterie, *motifs*, or fringe, according to the dress material.

The new printed lawns and mulls for mid-summer wear, come in plain and printed pieces of the same color for the ground of both, intended to be made up in combination. The figures of small or medium size are charmingly novel and exquisitely artistic. Stripes also appear, in two lines in these fine printed cotton goods and these also are made up in combination with plain colored suits to match. Imitation Valenciennes, and Mauresque laces are used to trim them.

Dresses richly beaded and girdled with jet, are very often seen on young girls in Paris, as well as those of pale pink, blue and moss green—but the dress *de rigueur* for dancing is of white tulle without hem or seams, draped about the shoulders, and studded with opal beads.

Among the diaphanous fabrics for midsummer come square-meshed gray laces, the thread as strong as twine and almost as coarse, each mesh about the eighteenth of an inch square, and on this is *appliqué* to form wide and narrow flounces, (the wide almost deep enough for the entire skirt,) exquisite flowers and leaves of white Mauresque lace.

Entire costumes of figured laces in cream white and color, are made up on muslin or strong net foundations, the piece net, forming the skirt, corsage, sleeves and draperies; trimming to match of border lace, and ribbon forming the additional decorations. Even children's costumes are much trimmed with this variety, as well as woolen laces. They are used for plastrons over the bodice, or to simulate a short Figaro jacket, or to form the yoke and sleeves of the still fashionable Mother Hubbard frocks.

Etamine polonaises are worn with velveteen skirts of nearly the same color as the etamine, but in a lighter or darker shade, while woolen lace of the same tint as the velveteen, dark in olive green, dark or pale in lapis lazuli blue, brown, tan, beige or cream, forms the stylish trimmings.

Dark blue is as popular as ever for traveling, mountain, seaside, utility and extensive wear. More dark blue flannel suits are seen in the streets of the retail business centres of New York than any other one color. Next to dark blue dark green divides with favor dark and golden brown.

One of the loveliest dressy costumes is produced by the use of nonpareil velveteen and etamine and wool lace, thus combined: The skirt is of golden brown velveteen with a flat plisse of seal brown (almost black) etamine around the bottom, over which is laid a wide volante of gold-brown woolen lace falling almost to the edge of the plisse. Over this skirt falls a fan-pleated overskirt of seal brown etamine, (same as woven) opening at one side and looped high under a back drapery falling in straight lines from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. The bodice of etamine, short in the hips and pointed in front, has a postillion back lined with velveteen, and a waist-coat, cuffs and high collar of the same. Small gold buttons fasten the waist-coat and decorate cuffs and collar. The high hat worn with this costume is of golden brown straw, trimmed with gold-brown velvet band, edged with gold cord, one brown and one golden feather forming a panache in front, and an aigrette and pompon of gold tinsel between the feathers and rising above hat crown. Seal brown velvet with gold cord outlining it, faces the brim.

Exquisite summer hats and bonnets are entirely composed of Mauresque lace, plisses over net foundations with delicate tinted, or white ribbons and very fine French flowers for trimmings, and a touch of gold thread and tinsel here and there. Sometimes fine ostrich tips and plumes are added.

Small capotes, made up to match the costume whether it be of veiling, gauze, etamine, lace or fancy wool, cotton batiste, white or printed lawn, are prepared with summer toilets. Such bonnets have shirred or pleated crowns, with plain stretched brim, sometimes covered with lace pleatings. The trimmings are, a large cluster loop of ribbons, velvet, satin, ottoman or gauze, and clustering sprays of flowers to match the figure of the dress fabric. The crown is finished at the back with a torsuelle of the same ribbon trimming the front, continued with strings which are tied under the left ear.

More and more golden, grow hats, bonnets, scarfs, accessories of the toilet, dress trimmings and brocha stuffs of all kinds, either for dresses, upholstery or house decorating effects.

Veils of tulle and *crepe lisse* in every imaginable shade of color and black are finely dotted with gold, silver, steel, bronze or jet.

Short visite mantles with sleeves entirely of jet embroidery or jet net, and the body of plain velvet, satin or grenadine brocha, are trimmed with jet fringes, jet marabouts, and *motifs*. Sometimes the sleeves are of plain stuff, while the body is covered with jet bead embroidery or net.

The Recamier coiffure, lately introduced in Paris, bids fair to supersede the high figure 8 in the top of the head, and the cataogan loop in nape of the neck. The Recamier is seen at Shaw's in Fourteenth Street.

Parasols have tops of various forms, canopy, ball canopy, round and mushroom shapes. The coverings are of silk satin, brocha, of velvet and tinsel, etamine, lace not covered with lace flounces, and in all the colors and combinations seen in costumes. Never were lace-covered parasols in such demand as they are this summer. As for the handles, sticks, tops and decorations, they are ad libitum and ad infinitum, carved wood, ivory, celluloid, metal, jewels, agates, tigers eyes, lapis lazuli, coral, lace, flowers, tinsel, gold braid and gold lace all doing their share in producing dressy effects.

Men of mark, prominent in social as in mercantile circles, seem much pleased with the improved aspect of the SATURDAY EVENING POST so long identified with the best interests of the country. Few papers present a record so memorable and yet so stainless; and the traditional sentiment should, of itself, ensure success under the present management. * * *

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FACTS ABOUT LONDON.—About 3000 horses die each week. About 129,000 paupers infest the city. About 11,000 police keep good order. About 120,000 foreigners live in the city. About 10,000 strangers enter the city each day. About 9,000 new houses are erected annually. About 700,000 cats enliven the moonlight nights. About 2000 clergymen hold forth every Sunday.

# Our Young Folks.

## A LASS AND A FISH.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

A fair little lassie sits fishing one day,
(Oh! oh! with never a hook!)
Where the water-flags laugh and the lilies play,
(Oh! oh! in a shady nook!)

And the fishes dart up as she drops her line;
On the paste at the end they're determined to dine,
For of risk or of danger they see not a sign!
(Oh! oh! with never a hook!)

At last a wee fishie is jerked from the pool,
(Oh! oh! with never a hook!)
And, gasping, it longs for the water so cool,
(Oh! oh! for its quiet nook!)

And the lassie is grieved to see it in pain,
So places it back in the water again,
Quite heedless that all her day's toil is in vain!
(Oh! oh! with never a hook!)

## THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.

BY SARAH PITT.

PHIL, there never was such music, never." So said Susette to her brother, as they listened to Ulric's playing.

So said the father, so said the mother, so said every one who heard it. And the strange thing was that whilst Ulric could bring forth such beautiful music from the accordion no one else could make it play a single note.

No one had given it to him; he found it one day by the road-side, and began to play upon it at once. Clearly there was something mysterious about it. "It might be a fairy gift," said the neighbors.

There was another strange thing about it; if any one gave him money for playing, the accordion became dumb, and not a sound issued forth.

"Thou art a young scamp," said the lord of the castle, who had given him a gold piece; "as soon as thou art paid thou playest no more."

Then Ulric gave him back the gold piece.

"Noble sir, please take thy money and I will play," said he.

And then he played more beautifully than before, so that the count said—

"This is stranger still! Let me try to play upon the instrument."

But that he could not do, neither could any one else. Ulric alone could make his beloved accordian speak.

"You shall go up to the castle and play for my children," said the count.

Ulric had never been in the castle, nor even in the great court-yard, though he had often stood at the gates to watch the count and his children drive out with their horses.

He had heard that there were rare gardens on the other side, and a broad river flowing past them, and he thought that perhaps he might get a peep at them through the windows.

He followed the count through the court-yard, up the broad steps, into the entrance-hall, and then into a room that seemed to him so wonderful with its velvet hangings and its pictures and mirrors that he did not notice the countess and her children until the count touched his shoulders and said—

"Play."

And Ulric began to play, and as he played he began to understand where he was, and he saw the beautiful countess and her children, and, above all, through the windows, he beheld the lovely garden, and the river, and two stately swans upon it.

The swans had paused. Were they listening to the music? Ulric thought they were. And he played his best, for everything was so enchanting. The little children, as soon as they heard the music, sprang up and began to dance; then they tried to sing the tune that Ulric was playing, and finally, holding each others hands, they drew closer and closer to Ulric, listening intently lest they should lose a note of the music.

The countess was equally delighted, and when Ulric stopped the count said—

"Now how shall I reward thee, since thou will not take gold?"

Ulric's answer was ready.

"I would like to see the beautiful gardens."

The count laughed, and bade his children show Ulric all that was to be seen.

How fair it all was! How sweet the roses!

Carl and Felix and Amalia were gathering them for him, so many, so many, that his hands could scarcely hold them.

"The swans love music; will you play for them?" Carl said suddenly.

At the first notes he played the swans arched their necks, and as he played on they gradually drew nearer to the shore, and Ulric unconsciously advanced to meet them.

"Take care!" exclaimed Felix; "thou will step into the water."

But Ulric did not step into the water. The swans grew larger and larger, and spread out their wings, and Ulric, stepping on the broad back of one of them, seated himself between its wings, and still playing upon his beloved accordion, was borne down the river.

The children threw the roses after him, which floated down the current after Ulric. Then they ran into the castle to tell their father and mother what had happened.

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When it became known that the swans had carried off Ulric the neighbors said—

"It is the accordion! See what comes of meddling with fairy gifts."

Ulric's mother wept.

But as she was leaning against the house door looking into her little garden a thrush upon an elder-bush was singing—

"To-day and to-morrow
Are for sorrow;
The next one may be
The best one for thee."

And then a blackbird answered—

"The way must be won;
If he has gone
There's something done."

There did not seem much sense in what the birds were saying, but then they were only birds. Yet somehow their speech comforted the mother, and when the father came home she told him what she had heard, and he answered—

"Wife, I, too, heard a bird singing; it was a skylark, and it rose high in the air, and its song was clear and sweet, and the words seemed to drop at my feet—

"Higher, higher to the sky,
Who can win, [illegible];
Great the glory that is nigh."

"As I heard them I thought of Ulric."

Then the mother said softly—

"The birds have spoken."

* * * * * *

As for Ulric, he was sailing away down the broad river, still playing on his accordion, whilst the swans sang a wonderful melody, and the waters rippled in tune, and the southern wind now and then added her deep voice. The day was closing and the moon rose and shone over the waters. The people on either side of the bank listened as they passed along.

"In the east is the sunrise," said one of swans. "We must make haste or the moment will be past."

Then they glided on faster than ever, and when the sky was turning red and rosy they stopped at some marble steps.

Ulric sprang from the swan's back, and as he did so the swans vanished and in their place stood a majestic figure in flowing garments with a lyre in his hand; and a youth whose brows were bound with laurels.

"What hast thou with thee?" asked the youth, looking down at some toys that Ulric had with him.

"I did not know that they were there. They are Amalia's, I will keep them for her," replied Ulric. The tall man whom Ulric supposed to be a king, took him by the hand, and the youth, putting one arm round Ulric, stretched forth the other, and pointing towards the horizon said—

"Look!"

And far away Ulric saw a golden city upon which the sun was rising, and with its glittering rays turning it to purer gold.

"Look!"

And Ulric saw a white arm rise from the sea of gold, holding a harp, which sent forth a burst of wondrous music.

"Listen!" said the youth.

Again the music came, and this time the king swept his hand across his lyre and answered it back, and then the two died away together in glorious harmony.

"Thou hast heard the highest," said the king. "Strive after it."

"I can never play such music as that," said Ulric.

"Strive!" said the king.

"Strive!" whispered the youth.

And as they spoke the sun rose high above the city; and in its great light the city faded away, and the white arm vanished.

The king and prince were no longer to be seen, neither were the swans, and Ulric wondered where he was, and how he was to get home again.

* * * * *

There was a boat drifting on the river, and in it lay a boy asleep covered with roses, and his head was pillowed on the accordion.

Ulric opened his eyes and looked round.

"I must have been asleep in the old boat," said he, stepping on shore.

And he began to play on his accordion.

How the music rolled out!

All the village heard it.

Phil and Susette ran out of their cottage.

"He comes! Ulric comes!"

"Ulric can't play like that," said one of the neighbors, "that is wonderful playing."

But Phil and Susette knew that it must be Ulric, and so did the father and mother, and they rushed out of the house to meet him.

The count and countess heard the music, and Carl and Felix, and Amalia, and Carl and

"Ulric has come back. Did the swans bring him?" And the count and countess, and the three children came down the castle steps and into the courtyard and out into the road, for the music drew them also to meet the little musician. They were glad he was safe.

Such a crowd to meet Ulric!

"It is the glory the skylark spoke of," whispered the mother.

Ulric came along the road playing on his accordion. His eyes were bent upon it; he was listening to it, and was saying to himself

"Strive! strive! thou hast heard the highest."

And as the crowd listened they became silent, for never had they heard such music, and some said he had been amongst the fairies, and they had taught him how to play on their wonderful gift. But all gathered round him when he stopped playing, and welcomed him with joy, saying that he would be an honor to the village. And the mother, as she embraced him, said—

"The birds spoke truly; it was a sweet song that the thrush and blackbird sang."

"The swan is the royal bird of song," answered Ulric.

"Swans do not sing, my child," said the father.

Ulric shook his head, and seemed in doubt.

"I have heard them," said he; "and no song is sweeter—and I—" but here he stopped; for suddenly he felt as if he could not speak of the music that that the harp had played, and that the king had answered back, to any one. It must be his own secret, to encourage him to play on and on, until he had come as near to the beautiful music as possible.

"Strive! strive!" Ulric still heard the words murmuring in his ears. And he did indeed strive.

"Was it a fairy gift?"

The neighbors said it was; but how could they be quite certain of it?

At any rate Ulric turned out a great musician, and every one in the village, even the count and countess were proud of him. Yet he was not proud of himself—no true genius ever is; for he knew, through the beautiful dreams that floated around him, that there was still something beyond his grasp. And it was this knowledge that made Ulric's music so beautiful, for he was never satisfied; he was always striving after that "highest," whose melody had burst over the golden city.

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THE OWL AND HER FRIENDS.—An owl was sitting on the branch of an oak-tree one quiet night, looking out for small birds and mice. A fox had come into the wood to hunt for hares, pheasants, or any other game that might be about.

"Good evening, friend," said the fox. "I see we are both on the same errand—after food—and yet while dangers encompass me, you, Mrs. Owl, are safe. You hide away by day: and you have wings wherewith, should any danger come nigh, you may make your escape. Here am I, with traps and keepers to injure me at night, and hounds and huntsmen in the day."

"And yet," said the owl, "I have as much cause to complain as you have, for if it is known there is an owl in the neighborhood, I have half the village boys climbing up to capture me when the light of day dazzles me."

"True," answered the fox, "but their pursuit of you is not so constantly to be feared. Then if your family should happen to be captured you have comfortable dwelling places provided for you, and you are made pets of and are supplied with mice and other delicacies, whilst I am torn to pieces by the dogs."

The owl sighed.

"Liberty is sweet," said she, "and it is not always that our lives are spared. Often we are killed and stuffed as specimens. My grandfather and uncle were very fine birds. Alas! they are now in museums. No wonder I cannot like the race of man."

A badger who was prowling near them spoke.

"I, too, may deplore my lot, since man is constantly trying to kill me," exclaimed he.

"And I," said a bat, "who do nothing but eat insects, and hang myself up in any quiet corner of a church or old building, if I am found, am swept away like rubbish."

Just then the moon came out.

"What are you all talking about?" said she.

Then the owl related what had happened.

"Well," said the moon, "you annoy man in various ways, and as he is stronger than you are, he tries to get rid of you. I don't say that he is right altogether, but you will see the world over that if the weak interfere with the strong they may be pretty sure they will be got rid of in some way or other."

J. G.

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WHICH WAS THE BRAVER?—Most children are fond of reading of brave deeds. Now, there are two kinds of bravery, as I daresay you know. There is what we call physical courage, which means not afraid to face dangers to the body, such as shipwreck, fire, and battle; and there is moral courage, which means not being afraid to stand up and own the truth, though you know you may be punished for it.

If I were asked which kind of courage I should like my children to have, I should answer, as a little girl did once when asked by her father whether she would have tart or jelly—

"A little of both, please."

But if they couldn't have both, then I would choose moral courage, because that will make truthful, noble children.

Now I will tell you about two boys who were at school, and who were both very brave, though they did not either fight an enemy or seize a mad dog. This is what they did:—

They both went out shooting one day, and were seen by a teacher. One boy managed to run away and hide in a ditch till all danger was past, but the other was caught and flogged severely.

And not only did this happen, but the latter was told that unless he would give the name of the boy who was with him, he should be flogged until he did.

The boy refused, and bore the punishment rather than that the other should have to suffer; but presently his companion rushed into the room with his throat bandaged up, and confessed that he had been shooting too. As he was ill in bed with a sore throat, brought on by hiding in the ditch, the teachers forgave them both.

I think you will agree with me that it required a great deal of moral courage to make a boy get out of bed, and run the chance of a flogging, to save his friend from suffering any more; and it is hard to say which was the braver of the two.

E. M. W.

## THE DULL BOY JACK.

EVERYBODY has heard of Jack. His name has long been recognized as a household word. We were familiar with it in childhood, and are still frequently reminded of it in our advancing years. For Jack flourishes in perpetual youth. He never grows older. He was a boy when we first heard of him, long years ago, and a boy he still remains:

"Men may come and men may go,
But Jack goes on forever."

He is subject to the same influences as of old. His conduct is regulated by the same economic considerations. Naturally given to play, the necessity of work is laid upon him. "All play and no work gives but a ragged shirt." To Jack's mind the avoidance of such a consummation is devoutly to be wished. He prefers to keep himself and his family honestly respectable and honorably independent. Work is the only pathway by which he can safely aspire to these conditions, and firmly he places his footsteps upon it. He can dimly discern at its farthest extremity the goal of his highest ambition. Honor, and fame, and skill, and learning, and gold are all to be found within its sacred precincts.

But to have that which he will, the goal must be *reached*. Along each rugged height, by every thorny path, on every directing-post, the one word *Work* is plainly legible. Jack presses on. The way becomes more easy as each succeeding difficulty is overcome, and, once his interest is thoroughly excited and his ambition fully developed, he has neither eyes nor ears for anything save the attainment of his object. It may be academical or forensic honors, or literary fame, or commercial success. Whatever it be, Jack's steadfast eye is fixed upon it. Nothing seems able for a moment to turn him either to the right hand or to the left.

Recreation points to shady groves and pleasant by-ways where he may shelter himself for awhile from the pressing burden and heat of the day; there are restful seats by the roadside; beautiful flowers of myriad hues and varied forms cluster everywhere along its banks; relaxation, refreshment, amusement, and pleasure entwine their sweet tendrils among them.

But Jack resolutely passes them by; he has time for neither rest nor recreation now. He has heard, moreover, that the lovely flowers, whose charms he cannot fail to recognize, are dangerous to many; that they exercise at times a fascinating and well-nigh irresistible power; that some, who have given themselves up to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their perfumes, have been brought to utter ruin, while others have failed thereby to reach the prize for which they strove. Jack will not touch the forbidden fruit. The mid-day sun pours hotly down, unbroken toil brings its accustomed weariness and fatigue; Jack still plods on.

We have received, under various signatures, many communications from Jack of late. He feels that he is getting dull, and seeks a remedy. His eyes are growing dim and weak; his brain is clouded and heavy; his recollection is defective; he feels at times both dazed and stupid. He is, in fact, altogether depressed and out of sorts, and not at all the boy he used to be. The cause is not far to seek. *Jack* has been working "at business" all the day, and then spending one-half of the night in his favorite studies. No exercise, no recreation, no rest!

Why, Jack, dear fellow, have you not heard a thousand times over that the bow must no always be strung? Unbend it sometimes, or it will soon lose its force. Your aims are good, your motives excellent, your efforts most praiseworthy; but you must combine them with prudence, and, in fact, with common sense. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The preacher says, "To everything there is a season;" and even you, Jack, with all your learning, cannot gainsay it. There is not only a time for work, but a time for play. Take our advice then, and, while you mightily perform the one, do not altogether neglect the other. "A sound mind in a sound body" should be your motto. But, remember, you cannot have one without the other.

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SAVINGS.—Suppose a boy at fifteen, in some way or other, puts by five cents a day. In one year he saves $18.25, which, being banked, bears interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, compounded semi-yearly. On this basis, when our thrifty youth reaches the age of sixty-five, having set his five cents per day religiously aside during fifty years, the result is surprising. He has accumulated no less a sum than $3,893.18. A scrutiny of the progress of this result is interesting. At the age of thirty, our hero had $395; at forty, $877; at fifty, $1,667; at sixty, $2,962. After fifteen years' saving, his annual interest more than equals his original principal; in twenty-five years it is more than double, in thirty-five years it is four times as much, in forty-five years it is eight times as much as the annual amount he puts by. The actual cash amount saved in fifty years is $912.50, the difference between that and the grand total of $3,893.18—namely, $2,970.68—is accumulated interest. What a magnificent premium for the minimum of thrift that can be well represented in figures!

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ROLLER-SKATING rinks and the moral and physical dangers to which they expose especially their younger patrons, is growing a more and more common topic of pulpit and newspaper discussion in nearly every part of the country.

### VOICES OF THE PAST.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

You wonder that my tears should flow
In listening to that simple strain;
That those unskilful sounds should fill
My soul with joy and pain—
How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
Within my heart again?

You wonder what that common phrase,
So all unmeaning to your ear,
Should stay me in my merriest mood,
And thrill my soul to hear—
How can you tell what ancient charm
Has made me hold it dear?

You marvel that I turn away
From all those flowers so fair and bright,
And gaze at this poor herb, till tears
Arise and dim my sight—
You cannot tell how every leaf
Breathes of a past delight.

You smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise;
You do not see the dreams of old
That with his voice arise—
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?

Oh, these are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to times
Which cannot come again—
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!

### ABOUT SERPENTS.

PROBABLY the most important use to which serpents are put by man, the world over, is as food—repugnant as that idea seems to a civilized palate. The Dokers, of East Africa, let their nails grow as long as those of the vultures, explaining that they are used "in digging for ants, and in tearing to pieces the serpents, which they devour raw."

In the far East, and Polynesia, such meat has always been an article of diet, the Andamanese, for instance, liking the sea snakes, although absolutely refusing terrestrial species.

The rattlesnake, especially, has been an article of food from one side of this continent to the other; but this is partly owing to the superstitious regard the aborigines had, and have, for this striking reptile, coupled with the notion which belongs to most primitive men, that one's mind and temperament are influenced by the moral qualities of what is assimilated into the blood, a notion that lies at the foundation of nearly all cannibalism.

The cunning spitefulness and certainty of the rattlesnake seem desirable virtues to a red Indian—hence, he eats the snake on certain occasions to acquire them. Many tribes have dances and ceremonies in which the Crotalus form a part.

The subject of the symbolism, religious significance, and world-wide use of serpents in sacred rites, is too large and involved to enter upon in this connection, however, and I only allude to it in order to say that at the conclusion of these ceremonies, in some instances, the snakes are eaten.

Along the coast of Southern California, however, all snakes except the rattler were held to be edible. As for the Piutes, of the Utah basin, whose food supply was limited, and whose tastes were more degraded, perhaps, than those of any other of the native races, they were accustomed to impale the living snake on a sharp stick, and hold it lengthwise over the fire until it was broiled.

Connected with the wonderful regard and veneration in which serpents are held by savage men in all parts of the world, we find that this reptile enters largely into the list of amulets and charms, and that it forms one of the most universal implements in the mystic equipment of medicine men, fetish conjurers, and rain doctors, the world around.

Among the Africans medicine bags are cut from the skin of the python: they also wear chest bands and waist-bands of boa or other snake's skin. The chief ornament of the East Africans is the spine of a snake worn around the neck; and the natives, male and female, wear as an ornamental belt, its strung vertebræ.

When the Ojibways went to war, each took a black water snake, pulled out its teeth, tied head and tail together, and fastened it around his body. This soon killed it, but the warriors continued to wear these horrible belts until the end of the foray. In a similar way, the Indians of North Carolina wore "girdles or sashes" of the skin of the king snake—the most powerful one they knew, for it was able to kill even the dreaded rattler.

In casting its skin every spring, the serpent seems to renew its life—a marvelous and suggestive thing. No wonder that the childlike Indians saw in this something supernatural, and stored the cast off skins in the medicine bag, believing them endowed with fetishistic and remedial virtues. I have heard; within very modern days, of rattlesnake's oil, prescribed as a febrifuge, and for other ailments, while its value in rheumatism is regarded by few persons with doubt. The demand for it is shown by the fact that the serpents are often hunted systematically in order that quantities of their oil may be obtained.

As a means of suicide, the small, venomous serpents of Oriental countries have always been in vogue—the asp of Cleopatra recurring to everyone's memory as a prominent example. In certain parts of Bengal there is said to be a race of gypsies, one of whom for a fee will furnish a small cobra to any applicant, and "no questions asked." A man who desires to commit murder, procures one of these reptiles and places it within a bamboo just long enough to let the head protrude a trifle at one end, and the tail at the other. Armed with this deadly weapon, the murderer creeps softly to his enemy's tent at the dead of night, cuts a hole in the wall, and introduces the bamboo. The tortured reptile, careless upon whom it wreaks its animosity, strikes its fangs into the sleeper, then is withdrawn, and the assassin steals silently away.

Snakes are often employed in tropical countries as a sort of domestic animal. The ship chandlers of Rio de Janeiro, for example, have each a boa housed among their bulky goods, to act as a rat-catcher; these often become partially tamed, and are recruited by menageries, in which service they perform another utility by affording an income to their owners.

F. B.

## Grains of Gold.

A keen man is half a rogue.

I am a king when I rule myself.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Do as little as you can to repent of.

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

Injure not another's reputation or business.

Never fret; it will only shorten your days.

Never impose upon a business man's time.

The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

The sound of sweet bells is the laughter of music.

Never reply to the epithet of a fool or a low fellow.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity.

The highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.

He who would act wisely must always consider both sides of any question.

A first requisite—To awaken sympathy or desire in another, the first requisite is to possess it in large measure ourselves.

Many people use their refinements as a spider does his web—to catch the weak upon, that they may be mercilessly devoured.

Out of suffering comes the serious mind, out of salvation the grateful heart, out of endurance fortitude, out of deliverance faith.

Many words do not satisfy thy soul, but a good life comforteth the mind, and a clear conscience giveth great confidence toward God.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of special partnership.

Make use of time while it is present with you: it depends upon your will, and not upon the number of days, to have a sufficient length of life.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of Nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.

To do wrong, or, what is the same thing, to refrain from doing right, when the time for action arrives, because we are afraid of what other people may say or think, is the very worst form of slavery.

The memory, like the hands and the tongue, and the other members, is a willing servant, and will do what we bid it do. If we train it to do honest yeoman's service, it will continue to do it: but, if we let it fall into a careless way, it will be difficult, and may be impossible, to break it of the habit.

## Femininities.

A keepsake engraven upon the heart is better than one on the hand.

Mrs. Langtry has $140,000 invested in mortgages in New York City.

Miss Julia Pease, a Vassar graduate, cultivates six thousand acres of land in Texas.

Hot love is soon cold. Faults are thick where love is thin. Where pride begins, there love ceases.

If you say no, mean no. Unless you have a good reason for changing a given command, hold to it.

The women's clothing manufacturers of Berlin are called confectioneries, because confection means something made up.

To grow old is quite natural; being natural, it is beautiful; and, if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson and lose all the beauty.

A Canandaigua, N. Y., lady has been selected to act as governess for one of the daughters of the King of the Sandwich Islands.

The Archduchess Maria Theresa, of Austria, is learning to make jewelry in the shop of a Tyrolese worker in gold and silver.

Racine, the great French poet, had an illiterate wife, and was accustomed boastfully to declare that she never read any of his tragedies.

It is an oft quoted saying of Dr. Johnson that "a man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on the table than when his wife talks Greek."

New Hampshire claims a woman whom she can well afford to match against the world. The lady in question has not broken a lamp chimney or a lamp for thirty years.

When Japanese girls wish to particularly flatter a gentleman friend, they write him a note, the penmanship of which is executed by their delicately-sharpened finger-nail.

Nadjezda Stepuhovnsky Sokhansky, whose nom de plume was "Kokhanovskaya"—Heaven rest her name—is dead. She was one of the most popular story writers in London.

True diplomacy is the art of hiding your money where your wife cannot find it, and then to lie in bed pretending to be asleep as you watch her go through your clothes in an unproductive hunt.

Some of the fur mantles now worn are well high historic. The costliest one known is said to belong to the Duchess of Edinburgh, its value being $60,000. Adelina Patti has a suit of sables that cost $40,000.

The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth: true features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music.

Conversation fills all the gaps, supplies all deficiencies. What a good trait is that recorded of Mme. de Maintenon, that during dinner, the servant slipped to her side "Pieces, madame, one anecdote more, for there is no roast to-day."

Here is a little bit of etiquette that is not generally understood by the uninitiated. At the first entertainment outside of her own house attended by a bride she takes precedence of all other guests, and is the one to take her departure first.

A gentleman who has had occasion to look through the old original Gouverneur Morris' will, in New York, finds in it a bequest of $2,500 to his wife yearly, and $1,400 if she married again. In spite of this consideration she remained a widow.

"Have you really abandoned the use of slang altogether?" was the question asked of the student President of the Wellesley College Anti-Slang Society: and the young lady answered in strong and pure Saxon: "You can just bet we have!"

Women of real business training rank high in honesty. Their credit is good, their integrity unimpeachable, their discharge of trusts conscientious and correct. The Indian theory of the division of functions is that woman was designed for toil, man for ornament.

A theological point about eggs, and its diplomatic settlement, is told by a minister in a Richmond, Va., religious paper thus: "Ought we to let our hens lay on Sunday?" a sister asked me, and I said: "Yes, but you ought to give the Sunday eggs to missions;" and she did it.

A farmer's wife in Indiana, who runs the vegetable garden of half an acre, not only kept a large table bountifully supplied, but sold last year more than $100 worth of vegetables to the town-folks a few miles away. This half acre was of more profit than any four acres which the husband cultivated.

A crotchety old doctor in New York has won the hatred of every fashionable belle in the country. He says that the use of those costly, graceful smelling bottles, which enable a lady to exhibit a plump arm and tapering fingers to perfection, is hurtful. The strong salts cause headaches, sore throats, and worst of all, red noses.

Wearing her hair compactly coiled and done up well on the top of her head probably saved the life of a Washington woman, who a few days ago was struck by a large piece of plastering which fell from the ceiling of the room in which she was working. Although the plaster struck her directly on the head she escaped with comparatively little or no injury.

A Middleton, Conn., woman who had become exasperated at an eagle that had stolen her pigeons and chickens, saw him taking a siesta the other day after lunching on a spring chicken. She got down a double-barrelled shotgun, pointed it at the eagle, shut both eyes and fired both barrels. She brought down the bird, which is to be stuffed as a trophy.

A Camden woman stopped for a female friend to accompany her to the roller-skating rink. Nothing loath, the woman, who was cooking some sauerkraut, told her visitor to wait until she put in some pigs' feet and then she would go with her. She rushed about in a hurry, put her skates into the kraut, and, rolling up the pigs' feet in a paper, took them to the rink.

## Masculinities.

Cleveland's salary will be $137 a day.

Postmaster General Vilas owns two hotels.

The French call love "the toothache of the heart."

Sense and judgment are more desirable than beauty.

John Ruskin, the English essayist, blushes scarlet when contradicted.

Lord Wolseley has but one eye, having lost the other in the Crimea.

Ebert county, Ga., has a man who swoons at the sight of blood, no matter where it comes from.

Dr. Holmes writes that thirty years ago he considered himself "a very old man—much older than I do now."

The latest wrinkle in fashionable divorce in New York is to have the decree engrossed on parchment and signed by the judge.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile, say a mile—not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

At Prince Bismarck's private table no member of the household speaks a word until its head has tacitly or otherwise given him or her leave.

According to the will of a New Hampshire man, his "dear wife" is to receive $10,000 in case she remains single for eight weeks after his death.

Adam Forepaugh was formerly a butcher in Cincinnati, and got into the circus business by having to foreclose a mortgage on a show. He is worth about $1,000,000.

"Permit me to offer you this fine tart," said the youth to the girl for whose smiles he was sighing. "Thank you," she said, accepting it, "but remember, fine tart never won fair lady."

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "I've made one good resolution this New Year." "Indeed!" said Mrs. Smith. "Yes—I've sworn off using tobacco; I shall smoke nothing but five-cent cigars in the future."

A clergyman in Boston—a man well versed in the Bible, devout, earnest, a good worker, and a fair preacher—is a settled pastor over a church which pays him only $12 a week, and that is his whole salary.

A discussion lately between a male and female employed in a New York hotel, over the merits of two tragedians, became so warm as to finally culminate in a row and the arrest of the member of the sterner sex.

After a riot, which arose out of religious disputes at Whydah, on the west coast of Africa, it was found that three natives had been killed and cut to pieces, their remains being prepared for cooking in a gigantic pie.

Wendell Phillips left only about $25,000, though once wealthy. Mrs. Livermore says that the day before he died he burned a small fortune in notes he held against people for whom, as he said, his executors might make trouble.

A German jilt has been punished by the tribunals, her aggrieved betrothed having been awarded $2,200 damages, with all the costs. This is the first time that a lady has been sued for breach of promise of marriage in Germany.

There are five men in the United States who control more capital than any five kings in the world—C. P. Huntington, Albert Keep, Jay Gould, George H. Roberts, and James H. Rutter—who are presidents of five railroads which have 19,220 miles of track, representing $1,000,000,000.

"President Cleveland at church," says a member of his congregation, "is an attentive listener. He prays in an audible undertone, sings in a clear baritone voice, and is not addicted to the habit of turning in his seat to look at late comers. Altogether he is a model churchman."

A wealthy tobacco firm in Cincinnati suspended a few days ago, and a despatch, speaking of the head of the firm, says: "It is not long since he was rated as worth $250,000. He went home tonight greatly prostrated, with $1.42 in his pocket—all, it was said, he had in the world."

Dufrenoy, the poet, married his washerwoman. Gothe's wife was a woman of mediocre capacity. Heine said of the woman he loved: "She has never read a line of my writings, and she does not even know what a poet is." Therese Lavasseur, the last flame of Rousseau, could not tell the time of day.

President Fillmore was a wool carder, and his wife was a school-teacher, when they fell in love. Both were poor, and Fillmore, after studying law and moving to Buffalo, did not see his affianced wife for three years, because he was too poor to pay the fare of the one hundred and fifty miles which lay between them.

Attorney-General Garland drinks no liquor. When asked why, he replied that, wandering through the cemetery at Little Rock, he came to the graves of so many bright young men who began life with him, but who had fallen into dissolute habits and died, that he realized he was about the only one left. Then he changed his mode of life.

Several marriageable young men of Rochester, N. H., are in a terrible pickle. They have heretofore given as a reason for not marrying that they could not afford the luxury. About a month ago several marriageable young ladies "put their heads together" and prepared a document proving conclusively that families of from two to six (they provided for the future, you see) can live well on $9 a week. Then these girls made copies of the original and sent one to each of the eligible young men.

William Green, now in Auburn Prison for bigamy, in conversation with a reporter, the other day, gave the following as an excuse for leaving his Oswego county wife: "Children were the cause," he said; "when I married her, I believed her to be alone in the world. We moved to Watertown, and while there she visited Hannibal. When she returned to me she brought with her six youngsters, all of whom called me 'dad.' It was more than I could stand."

## THE MAKING OF SHOT.

EVERY person who has walked about the lower part of this city, must have noticed a high round tower, which rears itself high above the surrounding buildings and has small windows at different places. Formerly there were several of these towers in this city. They are places built especially for the casting and manufacture of shot. The tower rises to a height of one hundred and seventy-six feet, and is fifty feet in diameter at the base. It diminishes in diameter as it ascends, being about thirty feet across at the top. It is divided into several stories. A circular stairway made of iron extends to the summit, giving access to the several stories. Great height is essential for casting, as the lead must cool in the descent, and thus assume a spherical shape. If hot, it would flatten when it strikes the water into which it falls.

The first method is making what is called "temper." This is a mixture of arsenic and lead. The mixture is melted in large kettles, and is constantly skimmed and stirred. It is cast in bars, the same as lead. When the temper is made it is carried to the top floor, where there are kettles and a furnace for melting it. The temper is mixed with the lead, as pure lead would assume various shapes in casting; but when mixed with the temper, in the proportion of three tons of lead to one ton of temper, it takes the shape of globules when it is cast.

The casting pans are large colanders, round pans with holes perforated in the bottom. The casting is all done on the top floor, and the colander is suspended over an opening in the floor, which goes through the entire height of the building to the ground, where there is a well of water. The lead is melted in large kettles, and is dipped out and poured into the colander with ladles which have long handles. It oozes through the holes in the bottom of the colander, and falls through the opening to the ground floor into the well. The shot is taken out of the well by small buckets fastened to an endless belt, which runs over a wheel which carries it from the well up to a long hot metal table. Here the shot is constantly stirred by men with long rakes, and the heat rapidly dispels the moisture, and the shot soon becomes perfectly dry.

It is taken from the "drying table" to the "screeners," a series of tables with narrow openings between them, the tables being set at a slight angle. If the shot is round and perfect, it rolls rapidly along these tables, skipping the openings, until it reaches a box at the extreme end, into which it falls. If it is imperfect, it cannot roll fast, and falls into the openings, under which boxes are placed.

The shot then goes to the "separators," which are a series of drawers, not unlike a bureau, which rock backward and forward by machinery. The shot is poured into the upper drawer, which has an iron bottom perforated with holes of a certain size. The second drawer has holes of a smaller size, and so on down to the lowest drawer, the bottom of each drawer being perforated with holes of a size smaller than those in the drawer above it. The backward and forward motions throws the shot from side to side, letting all the shot the size of the holes or smaller pass through into the second drawer, while all larger than the holes remain in the drawer. The same is repeated down to the lowest drawer, so that each drawer contains a smaller size of shot than the one immediately above it.

The next process is "polishing." The shot is put into irregular shaped iron boxes, which continually revolve. When the box is nearly full, powdered black lead is put in. The irregular motion of the box throws the shot from side to side, and the black lead is so ground into it that it cannot be rubbed off. And it is this that gives it the beautiful shiny appearance.

THE ORIGIN OF PAPER.—The Chinese claim the honor of producing the first paper ever used in the world. According to their chronology the invention dates as far back as the first century. Their claim is probably a just one, as the Japanese have still in existence certain data in regard to the exportation of paper from Corea to Japan between the years 280 and 610 A. D. Previous to this invention printing had been done upon cotton or silk. Owing to the conflicting statements of various chronological writers, it is impossible to locate the precise date of its first introduction into Europe. Deductions from the mass of evidence would seem to place it somewhere in the thirteenth century. Japan became the first rival of China, and so proficient did she become in the art that she far outshone the original inventors, and eventually took the stand which she now holds. There are, even at the present day, certain branches of this industry in which she owns no equal upon either continent. There are now manufactured at Yeddo two hundred and seventy different varieties of paper. They use bark, leaves, and bamboo for producing their pulp. They change the quality of their paper by various combinations of these ingredients. The paper manufacture of the present age, possessing all the advantages derived from centuries of scientific and mechanical inventions, must find it very difficult to realize the intricate and laborious processes accompanying the earlier career of this great industry.

IF you wish to remember a man's name, become security for him. For keeping your memory fresh, there is nothing like it.

Ayer's Pills are pleasant, safe, and sure, and excel all other pills in healing and curative qualities. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

## CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES.

ONE of the most curious features of Chinese emigration is that the emigrants carry with them one of the most interesting of their institutions. It is, of course, generally known that the original Celestials were conquered by the Tartars; that a Tartar dynasty was lifted to the throne of the Chinese empire, and that Tartar garrisons were scattered all over the land. All this occurred many hundred years ago. But two curious societies established for the purpose of restoring the old dynasty, and the latter for the purpose of maintaining the Tartar supremacy, sprang up at that period, and the feud has been kept up ever since. All Chinamen belong to one or the other of these organizations, and wherever they go they establish lodges. Each society has its flags and all its members are armed. On great occasions public displays of their strength are made, and very frequently an attack is ventured upon by the non-parading organization, and a bloody struggle ensues. Such faction fights are very common in Australia.

The rites of initiation, are very elaborate, and occupy nearly a whole day. They begin soon after daybreak. The candidate having been properly dressed and adorned with certain emblems, is ushered into the lodge blindfolded. The bandage is taken from his eyes, and he finds himself in the midst of men who are all armed with spears and maces, while the hall is hung with devices such as naturally inspire terror. The next thing done is to cut off the head of a fowl. The candidate is asked to carefully look at the operation, and to remember it well, for a similar fate would befall him if he should ever betray the secrets that are about to be confided to his discretion. Then comes the oath of good faith. It is administered by the president and is excessively minute and rigid, and so lengthy that its reading occupies two hours. The candidate is next handed over to the care of some of the brethren who instruct him in the passwords and secret signs. The ceremony concludes with a sumptuous repast, cooked according to certain prescribed rules.

### The Dangers of Blood Poisoning.

Since the death of President Garfield, there seems to have been an increase in the number of recorded cases of blood poisoning.

A few weeks ago the Rev. Noah Schenck, D. D., of Brooklyn, had an operation performed on his foot, inflammation set in and death ensued. If a man be in good health, a wound heals rapidly; if the blood is corrupt it is slow to heal. Impure blood irritates and inflames the whole system. It follows then, if the blood purifying organs are deranged—since every particle of blood courses through these organs over one hundred times an hour—in a very short time the blood poison must destroy all vitality.

In the winter season Nature demands heat making food; in the spring she sets up a cooling process; and, to accomplish this, she ordains that the change from winter to summer shall be gradual; if her laws were never violated, this provision would be sufficient; they are violated, therefore, we must furnish her help in this spring house-cleaning time; otherwise the seeds of disease remain with us.

Blood is made in the stomach; it is purified by the skin, lungs, liver and kidneys. During a long, cold winter, the liver and kidneys are overworked; the consequence is that in the spring these organs are prostrated; the prostration is indicated by extremely dull, heavy feelings and a weariness which seems to go to the bone; headaches, furred tongue, lack of appetite, itching and discolored skin, mental irritability, depression of spirits, neuralgic pains, convulsions, chills and fever, "malaria."

These little irregularities of feeling are Nature's warnings; if neglected, disease may get the upper hand. If you introduce into the blood a little kidney and liver poison, you can artificially produce the above symptoms; it follows, therefore, that to remove them, vitality must be restored to those blood-purifying organs. If they cannot perform their work no amount of medicine taken for other organs can have any permanent effect in the system.

Brigadier-General D. H. Bruce, business manager of the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Journal* in 1883, found that he was not coming through the spring in good form; he was not sick, but only out of condition; to the timely use of a few bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, he attributed recovery of constitutional tone, and undoubtedly warded off some chronic disorder. This preparation is not a cure-all—it claims to restore the blood-purifying organs to natural vitality; by so doing, it not only cures, but prevents blood corruption and disease. If you doubt its power, ask your friends; millions have heard of it, hundreds of thousands have used it and commend it.

The ill-feelings of spring time are caused by a more or less poisoned condition of the blood; a condition which grows worse by neglect, and finally may send one to the grave.

One day a young physician discovered on his nose what turned out to be a malignant ulceration; the blood virus attacked his brain and killed him.

A prominent merchant of apparently average health died suddenly the other day; an examination showed that one kidney, entirely decayed, had poisoned the blood terribly! Had this condition been recognized in time, he might have lived to the full "three score and ten."

Every day we neglect to take such precautions as are herein indicated, we may be said to drive a nail into our coffin. The blood is poisoned every day; if it is not purified every day, untimely death is inevitable.

## FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

MY boy Dan had a curious adventure one morning," writes a traveller in Africa. "After he had eaten his breakfast I gave him permission to take one of my shot-guns and go out after birds. I heard the report of his piece several times, and finally, as the oxen were not ready for a start, I thought I would go out and see what he was doing. When I came in sight of him I found him battling with an enormous bird, which I was then, and am still, willing to call an eagle. Dan was upon his knees, his musket lying empty by his side, and the bird tearing at the light clothing upon his back. I noticed that he had a fowl of some kind in his right hand, and quickly afterwards I discovered that the eagle's attention was chiefly directed that way—that it seemed more anxious to get its talons upon the dead bird which the boy held in his hand than to any particular mischief; and this naturally led me to the conclusion that the eagle was a female trying to gain possession of one of her offspring.

"As soon as I comprehended this I called out for Dan to throw away the bird he had in his hand; but he did not hear me; the flapping of the enormous wings about his ears entirely shut out the sound of my voice. When I first came in sight of the engagement I had stopped from the very force of the novelty of the scene; and just as I was upon the point of advancing, Dan made a desperate effort to overcome his adversary. Throwing himself quickly upon his back, he caught the bird by the legs, and endeavored to hold her while he gained his feet; but he was forced to let go in a very few seconds. One blow of the powerful wing upon the shoulder sent him over upon his side, and he was glad enough to hide his face again. There was to be no more trifling. The foe was becoming dangerous. She now settled upon Dan's back, and would have torn the skin and flesh from the bones if he had not leaped to his feet. As he gained this latter position he saw me, and started towards me upon the run. Whether the bird had seen me or not I could not tell; but if she had she did not mean that my presence should keep her from her revenge. She contrived quickly to sail above the boy's head, and again she threw him down. I could not tell exactly how she did it, though she seemed to strike him with both her wings.

"As quickly as possible I hastened to the spot, with my rifle ready for use; and as the bird settled a second time I stooped and fired, putting a bullet directly through her body beneath the wings. She fell over upon her side, and I finished her with a pistol shot.

"I found my boy Dan much bruised, and quite lame; but, fortunately his flesh had not been torn. The cause of the trouble was what I had apprehended. I found the bird which Dan had held in his hand to be not fully fledged, although of a goodly size. He told me he had seen it sitting upon a low branch; that he had shot it; and that when he went to pick it up this parent bird, which he had not before seen, dropped from somewhere above his head and attacked him. The very first stroke of her powerful wings blinded and stunned him, and from the first he had not had full possession of his senses. The bird might not have killed him, but if I had not arrived as I did he would have stood a pretty good chance of having his flesh badly torn.

"This bird was as large as the largest baldheaded eagles, measuring seven feet and eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, and weighing almost thirteen pounds. The beak and talons were like those of the eagle, but the color was nearer to that of the broad-winged buzzard. The back was brown, with spots of yellowish white; the breast being just the reverse—a yellowish white with small spots of brown, the color growing lighter and more delicate upon the legs. It was the only eagle that I saw in Africa, and probably she was only a visitor. My guides told me that they had never seen a bird like it. They had seen buzzards something like it in form and color, but never anything of the kind to approach it in size.

"We carried Master Dan in a wagon that day, and it was a week before he could perform any labor; but he came out all right in the end."

THE Test of Fitness.—An Ohio school-committee must have been puzzled to decide which of two candidates for a "schoolmarmship" was the better fitted for the post, the young woman who averred that "respiration" was the perspiring of the body, or her rival who believed "emphasis" was the putting more distress on one word than another—definitions worthy of a place beside those achieved by the medical student responsible for "hypothesis, something that happens to a man after death," and "irony, a substance found in mineral wells, which is preserved in bottles and sold by druggists as tincture of iron."

THE man who took home ninety cents' worth of whiskey and ten cents' worth of bread was evidently convinced of the truthfulness of the theory that "man cannot live by bread alone."

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I used two bottles!

Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

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Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop

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Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good!!!

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Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

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Remedy the best remedy in existence
For indigestion, kidney
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"And nervous debility. I have just"

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"From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more

Good!

Than anything else;

A month ago I was extremely

"Emaciated!!!"

And scarcely able to walk. Now I am

Gaining strength! and

"Flesh!"

And hardly a day passes but what I am * * * * * * * *

complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop

Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,

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# Recent Book Issues.

A very clever novel of domestic life is "One of the Duanes" by Alice King Hamilton. It is pure and pleasant and will well serve to entertain those who love fiction. The plot is perhaps not the strongest ever invented, but the scenes of Florida existence with some good bits of descriptive writing, and details of garrison life are sure to please. The novel is printed in the well known style of Lippincott & Co., the publishers, and presents a neat and attractive appearance.

A new idea in the way of novels is that just adopted by Dodd, Mead & Co., of Boston, entitled "Tales from Many Sources. It is intended to be a series of works containing the best novelettes of the best authors of the past. Each volume will contain six or more stories. Volume 1st, which has now been issued contains the following (complete)all of which are in the highest degree worthy of perusal: The Three Strangers, by Thomas Hardy; The Black Poodle; by F. Anstey; Lord Richard and I, by Julian Sturgis; The Pavilion on the Links, R. L. Stevenson; The Hermit of St. Eugene, by W. E. Norris; Mattie—The Story of an Evening. From Blackwood's Magazine. The books are finely printed on excellent paper,and make a neat and handy volume of 260 pages.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

*Wide Awake* for May has for its frontispiece, The Baby in the Library, by John Harper, illustrating a bright poem by Edward P. Anderson. Baby, is the subject of another poem; Wasia, the Conqueror, with four full page drawings by Garret; and of still another by M. E. B.; What do we Call the Baby, also illustrated. Mrs. Catherwood contributes a pretty story for girls in, Plum Blooms. The King Cat, by Mrs. Rowling, has eleven pictures by J. E. Francis. There are also very entertaining papers by, Lieut. Wood, Yan Phou Lee, Mrs. Champney, E. S. Brooks, Charles Egbert Craddock, C. P. Cranch, Ernest Ingersoll, Dr., Hale, Celia Thaxter, Will M. Clemens; Edward Everett Hale, Rose Kingsley, Prof. Palmer, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Mrs. Whitman, and Oscar Fay Adams. Published by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The first number of a new periodical, *Good Housekeeping*, has made its appearance. It is handsomely printed upon fine paper, and is a family journal to be conducted in the interests of the higher life of the household. Published by Bryan & Co., New York.

The opening article of the *Magazine of American History* for May is, Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry. The Heart of Louisiana, is a graphic historical sketch of the Place d'Armes, now Jackson Square, in New Orleans. Both of these notable papers are handsomely illustrated. The Fallacy of 1776 is an earnest and comprehensive discussion of the real origin of the civil war, by A. W. Clason. The Ancient Races of America; The Sackville Papers; Pocahontas and Captain Smith, and General Roger Enos—A Lost Chapter of Arnold's Expedition to Canada in 1775, are other good articles. Original Documents this month present us some of Burgoyne's letters; Charles Ledyard Norton concludes his, Political Americanisms; and the Reprints, Minor Topics, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies and Book Notices are very attractive.

*St. Nicholas* for May opens with an amusing and characteristic story by Frank R. Stockton, entitled, The Tricycle of the Future, illustrated. There is an illustrated paper on the New Orleans Exposition. Lieut. Schwatka, in Children of the Cold, shows how, even in the land where winter lingers in the lap of autumn, the boys and girls are not without their games and amusements. The serials have interesting instalments, and a comprehensive sketch of Handel forms the second of the From Bach to Wagner series. Mrs. S. M. B. Platt contributes a sweet Irish poem entitled, The Primrose Time. Myself, or Another, is a clever sketch by Marion Satterlee, which won the first prize in the recent competition for the best story for girls, to be written by a girl. In addition to the foregoing and a great deal else that is interesting, beautiful, and instructive, are another Brownie poem, a long Persian legend put into verse by H. H. (Helen Jackson), and some bright jingles by Laura E. Richards, with several full-page illustrations by Reginald B. Birch. The Century Co., New York.

The twenty-ninth volume of *The Century*, volume seven of the new series, is now ready in bound form. It is one of finest and most important volumes of this famous periodical that has as yet appeared. In its series of articles upon the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" alone it has an importance and a historical value that cannot be overestimated. A glance at its rich index shows among its contributors the most prominent names in our native contemporary literature, and among its artists and engravers the foremost representatives of each branch that the country can boast. It is only when looking at these volumes as they are published entire that we can fully appreciate the great work accomplished by this magazine.

"Who is your family physician, George?" "Dr. Smoothman." "How did you employ that hair-brained creature?" "Oh, my wife once asked him if he could tell why she always had cold feet, and he told her they were so small they couldn't hold blood enough to keep them warm. She wont have any other doctor."

# Humorous.

Quite as ingenious as ingennous was the answer of a boy who was kept after school for bad orthography, and excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.

The Englishman who said that American girls did not know what to do with their arms, certainly never had much experience in American parlors with the gas turned low.

"Why have birds gizzards?" asks an exchange. When a foolish question is asked, a foolish answer is proper, and one corresponding to the question would be, "So that they can giz."

"Don't you find it hurts your lawn to let your children play upon it?" asked a friend of a suburban the other day. "Yes," answered the gentleman addressed, "but it doesn't hurt the children."

There is a religious sect in Ohio which believes that when human beings die they turn into cats. Doesn't it make a man shiver, though, to think that perhaps he has been slinging bootjacks all winter at his wife's grandmother.

A man never finds out how little he knows about domestic matters until his wife asks him to keep his eye on the baby and see that a pan of melted butter is kept stirred while she goes into the attic to look through her rag-bag.

Yes, Shakspeare was a and plagiarist; he borrowed not only from those who preceded him, but he even had the impudence to steal from writers who didn't begin to write until years and years after he himself was gathered to his fathers.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
Grand Rapids, Mich., April 15, 1885.
Charles E. Belknap, Mayor.

NOTICE.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Mayor's office, in the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, until the 27th inst., at 7 o'clock, p. m., for the purchase of $15,000 City Hall bonds of said city.

Said bonds are payable July 1st., A. D. 1901, and draw 5 per ct. interest, payable semi-annually on January and July 1st; principal and interest payable at the office of the treasurer of said city.

Bids will be received for the whole or any part of the loan, the money to be paid and bonds delivered June 1st, A. D., 1885, or for the whole amount, payable in such instalments as may from time to time be called for by the Common Council of said city.

No bids will be considered that are below par and accrued interest, and accrued interest must be paid in addition to any premium that may be offered. Parties bidding to pay in instalments, will be required to give bonds satisfactory to the council, that they will comply with the foregoing terms if their bids are accepted.

The council reserves the right to reject all bids.

CHARLES E. BELKNAP,
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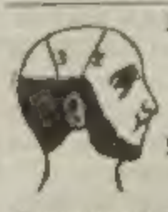

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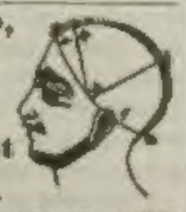

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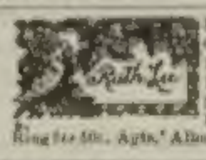


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902 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.

### Latest Fashion Phases.

The general design for spring suits is that of short basques, with long drapery and plain lower skirts, and this suggestion is given alike in dresses of one fabric or for combinations of two materials. The upper part of the dress will be of plain goods, with figured stuffs for the trimming and for the lower skirt. The short plain basque of bison, serge, or of camel's-hair will be inlaid with velvet in front and back alike; sometimes the velvet forms a short curved or pointed plastron, while in other dresses it extends to the waist line like a vest in front, and this is repeated in middle forms of the back. Revers or bretelles of the the wool goods edge the inlaid velvet, and these revers are sometime covered with braid. Polka basques for the house are very similar in shape to the jacket used over them for the street; they extend plainly over the hip, but are quite short, reaching only two or three inches below the waist line in the back, where they are shortest, lying smoothly on the tournure without pleats. Very narrow vests are preferred when velvet is used, especially if it is of a contrasting color. The deep pointed aprons are now made of a separate breadth of cloth, and disappear entirely on the sides next the belt, leaving in view all of the underskirt, which may be of velvet, or of the plain cloth stitched in clusters, or tucked, or braided. The straight full back drapery may hang plain its entire length, or it may be laid in large pleats, or, if it must be more bouffant, it is pleated in a single puff, and these pleats are clearly defined both in the puff and in the cloth which falls below the foot.

For lighter cashmere and the camel's-hair dresses now in preparation for spring, watered silks are being used as revers and vests on basques, and in bias folds on the over-skirts and on the pleatings of lower skirts. This favorite combination is further enriched by the use of velvet pipings on the watered silk bands, and rosettes, bows, and sashes of the watered ribbons that have a stripe of velvet near one selvedge. Such dresses, of white, fawn color, or reseda cashmere, will be in favor with young ladies for the spring and summer. Similar combinations of dark brown or black and moire silks make refined toilettes for older ladies, with whom they have retained their popularity for years, notwithstanding the introduction of newer fabrics.

The novelty among others is a soft cotton without any dressing, called China crape because of the wrinkled effect given by its peculiar twilled surface, with tiny raised figures. This comes in all the light and delicate colors of silk crape, *ciel* blue, cream reseda, faded rose, newly blown rose, China pink, pearl gray and brown, and it may be had in plain colors or the small figures that are seen on fashionable Chinese silks; clover head and leaf patterns, with sprays, stem clusters, and branches, are among the pretty designs. In other new cotton fabrics it is noticeable that the light colors greatly outnumber the dark blue, red, and brown grounds that look too warm for midsummer dresses, while the light ones commend themselves by their fresh and cool appearance.

The popular Scotch ginghams have their appearance enhanced by embroidery done allover it in dots, blocks, or tiny raised spots or lines. The embroidery is done by machinery, and is in white on blue, pale blue on darker blue, red on ecru, or blue on ecru or brown. Blue is evidently to remain the favorite color in gingham, as fifteen different shades of blue gingham are shown in plain colors, and there are many varieties of striped, plaid, and dotted ginghams made up of the blue shades that wash so well. A second novelty in gingham is that called by the Scotch weavers the "cram stripes" because the white stripes have the threads doubled, and are woven as thick as coutille or jean, while the blue or brown stripes alternating with these are as light as ordinary ginghams. The Roman stripes are also new in ginghams, and show several bright colors together in one broad stripe on a clear white ground; blue, pink, green, red, and yellow lines form one broad stripe, and there are plaids in which the same colors appear. Small pin-head checks are shown again in a color with white, or with two shades of one color, and the pretty cross-bar patterns reappear in various colors on white ground.

The sateens for next season have less pronounced colors and designs than those of past years, and have less of that gloss which disappears with the first washing, depending more for their beauty on their fine closely woven texture and their simple patterns. Those of a solid color, with the leaf or daisy pattern raised in the weaving, closely resemble brocaded silks, while others have tapestry designs in colors that imitate the cross stitch in embroidery. The repped cottons called Sicilliennes and the thinner batistes are also brought out in charming tints for summer dresses, and the percales are in the small blocks, checks, and tapestry designs that were so popular last year. The skirtings of French manufacture have either white or blue grounds strewn with whips, bits, spurs, triangles, interlinked rings, and the dots, checks, and stripes that are always shown, no matter what newer things are on hand. The domestic calicoes at ten cents a yard are found this year in all the prettiest French patterns on gray, buff, dull red, or blue grounds, and at small cost will make as attractive dresses as will many of the other cottons that are from thirty-five to fifty cents a yard.

The tournure is an established fact in fashion, and with it, of course, comes an increased width in skirts; this is mainly in the back, where the skirts are usually laid in broad double or triple pox-plaits its length; these are caught up by tapes underneath, two or three times in double finger lengths apart, then if pressed in place they remain in folds. There is but little plaiting, puffing, and ruffling seen, all of this seems to be left for basques and round waists. The melon, the surplice, the shirred waist, all are very popular, and vests, plastrons of every shape, revers, berthes, bretelles, straps, forks, tongues and buckles, all serve to build up and make a special prominence of the upper part of the dress.

Of combinations there is no end; even the satins and prints have the plain and figured side by side, as if one never thought of purchasing a plain frock.

Skirts are made with broad panel plaits on the front and sides, with fans of perhaps a contrasting material or color from the knee down. The top of the plaits is ornamented with embroidery, or the new transparent braiding that is destined to have an important part in Fashion's usage the coming season. This is made of flat worsted braid in two different widths, arranged in open broad patterns, often of a width to trim the panel plaits as described are still wider to form distinct panels, and then formed in narrower designs for other parts of the costume.

The transparent covering is found to be a very effective trimming for the princess, that is popularly revived, with other old-time freaks. The back of princess has two full broad box-plaits, the broad panels of braid trim the sides, and smaller made pieces of the braid form collar, cuffs, and perhaps a vest turning at the basque line with jacket effect to the panel sides.

The oval plastron is reproduced on both silk and wool suits, closing at the throat, drawn or sloped back over the bust, and again closed at the top of the darts, or at the waist line.

The gathered vest is still in vogue, though it has lost the Fedora fulness or bagging of last season.

Pockets are again added on the front of basques, and ways are found once more for pockets in the skirts of dresses; doubtless before the season is over square or diagonal pockets will be added to the sides of skirts.

Polonaises are severely plain; the fronts are usually open from the basque line. The back has added fulness that forms in plaits, undraped, and sometimes a broad sash with very long loops and short ends is added.

The newest lace is the angora or wool lace. This wool guipure, as it is often termed, has been used in the edges and inserting during the winter, but the piece lace and skirt fronts or flounces will be used for the first upon spring suits. Coming in every fashionable shade, the lace may be self-colored, but often a bright contrast is used, or the contrast is brought about by placing bright wool goods under.

Party and ball dresses are to be made of tulle—not the soft, ethereal expensive tulle used for bridal veils and neck-gear, but an English fabric thin but firm, and with care will withstand the dire effects of two or three fashionable crushes. These dresses to be stylish must be trimmed with some transparent lace, and many loops of bright velvet ribbon.

There is predicted a revival of lace sacques, half shawls and scarfs. And why not? With other fashions of years ago these pretty laces will make a timely appearance.

### Domestic Economy.

A grand piano is rather a cumbersome article of furniture, and not very ornamental as a general rule. Still, with a little judicious management, it is made to contribute color and effect to the appearance of the room, by tastefully disposing either a rich colored piece of plush, an Indian shawl, or a piece of embroidery as a table cover over the end, or by having a plush cover fitted to the top, the sides being embroidered and festooned up. Then a small screen placed in the curved side so as to make a nook for a low seat, with a palm towering above it, and the ungainly pianoforte becomes picturesque rather than otherwise.

Cottage pianos were doubtless originally designed to be placed with the back to the wall, but is well known that the sound is much improved by reversing the position of the instrument, so that the back shall be toward the audience, and for singing especially this is desirable, as the musician, while singing and playing her own accompaniment, at the same time faces her audience. It is therefore becoming a general practice to place a cottage piano across the corner of a room or in some such position that the back of the piano, not the musician, shall be toward the centre of the room. This gives great scope for taste in utilizing and turning to advantage for decoration the back of the instrument. It must not be too thickly draped so as to muffle the sound, but a pretty and effective way of treating it is to fix a light brass rod on the top to receive a small pair of curtains of Eastern embroidery, which, nearly meeting at the top and looped back at the centre, disclose a handsome piece of embroidered satin or rich colored piece of stuff tastefully draped. An old-fashioned high-backed seat placed against this will not only relieve the flatness and break the straight lines, but will also add to the comfortable furnished appearance of the room. Instead of a seat, this will form a convenient position for a small writing-table, and instead of a piece of embroidery, an ornamental date calendar, miniatures, photographs, &c., may be displayed between the curtains, and some of the hundred and one things one loves to have at hand may be put here.

A large plate glass about 7ft. to 9ft high, by about 3ft. 6in. to 4ft. wide, fixed to the wall, and reaching either to the top of the skirting or the floor, is useful in a bed room, and is an improvement on the cheval glass, as it occupies less space, which is an important consideration in most bed rooms. The frame may be of the plainest description, somewhat as curtains at the sides and festooned at the top will conceal the frame, and have a much prettier effect than any gilt frame, either in a bed room or drawing room. Printed chintz will answer the purpose in a bed room, but in a drawing room some richer material, such as Indian silk or Indian muslin, is more suitable. The drapery appears to be kept in place by two or three broad bands of ribbon or other material, and at each of the two upper corners a large Japanese hand screen or fan is sometimes placed. This arrangement of a mirror adds much to the apparent size of a small room.

There are also pretty and novel lamp shades, all that is necessary to adopt them to this purpose being to cut a piece out of the centre to let the lamp chimney pass through. In the same way the common Japanese paper parasols are sometimes used as shades for a large lamp, and the colors look particularly well when lighted up.

Square pieces of satin painted with graceful sprays of laburnum, or some other pretty foliage, make good sides to newspaper stands, and the stand itself is easily made up at home, and looks far better than the wicker stands generally used; it must be lined with some contrasting color and finished with a ruche.

Many people have small easels in the house which they do not use, and if not, they can easily make one at home. These when covered with plush and with a picture on them, a piece of bright silk being draped around the picture, look extremely well. The making of these things is an interesting occupation for the young people in a house, and when so made the expense is small when compared with what they cost at a shop.

A few little additions of this kind add much to the appearance of a room, and the difference due them is apparent on entering, for how often we find in some of the most expensively furnished houses everything so stiffly placed that they are wanting in that home-like appearance that a lady of taste can impart to them. Comfort depends much on the cosy look of the place where one has to pass the greater part of one's life, yet it is curious to see in some houses how little comfort seems to have been produced by a lavish expenditure, whilst in others where not a tithe of expense has been incurred, every room and every part of a room will look home-like and comfortable.

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MIRRORS.—We have the evidence that the ancients were as desirous of obtaining a view of their own faces as are we moderns. There is a passage in the 20th chapter of Exodus which some take as proof that mirrors, made of polished brass, were used by the females of those days. Moses ordered certain brass mirrors, which were brought to him, to be made into washing-basins or lavers for the priests.

Praxiteles, in the time of Pompey, is said to have the first mirror of solid silver.

At one period silver mirrors were a distinct branch of manufacture at Rome, the demand for them having become so considerable as to make such a branch of trade profitable. Brass and silver were by no means the only metals employed for mirrors. Steel, copper, and gold were also used for that purpose; but the two latter are obviously inferior to silver.

An ancient mirror, found at Brundusium, in Italy, was analyzed by a German chemist, was found to consist of a mixture of copper and tin. Another was found to show indications of copper, antimony, and lead.

### Confidential Correspondents.

W. G. H.—Write to *The Poultry World*, Chicago, Ill. They will give you the necessary information.

G. W. F.—We have heard of their being caught with hook and net. They are sometimes shot also like sharks.

S. M. K.—If you could give us the exact date when the article on lace appeared, we could help you; otherwise it is out of our power.

WILL.—As to the wild theory that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays, it has not an ounce of fact to back it up; and the persons who believe in it are excused the polite attentions of the Commissioners in Lunacy only on the ground that their delusion is as harmless as it is hopeless.

PAUL.—Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, and buried in the cathedral at Peterborough. Her remains were afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey, by her son, James I., who had her monument placed beside her great rival, Queen Elizabeth, at whose command this unfortunate princess was put to death.

NORRISTOWN.—If you want a good pavement, first put down nine inches of concrete of broken stone and lime. Upon this spread about three inches of coal-tar asphalt, made by mixing one part of coal-tar with two parts slaked lime and three parts river gravel in a cast-iron boiler. Or you can finish off with a fine lime or Portland cement concrete. Better get a good man to do it for you; but don't forget the concrete below, or whatever is put on the surface may collapse.

M. N.—Your letter is evidently written in perfect innocence of heart; but you are certainly doing wrong to let your thoughts dwell so much upon the person you mention. Both on religious and on moral grounds it is utterly indefensible. Quite apart, too, from the distinct wrongfulness of such thoughts, nothing can be worse for your own happiness than letting your affections go astray in this manner. It cannot possibly lead to any good, and may perhaps bring you into much misery.

LOTTIE.—"I wonder if mamma will go out this afternoon," is a correct expression; and it is just as proper as "I should like to know if mamma will go out this afternoon." Custom has much to do, not only in establishing grammatical rules, but sometimes also in setting them at defiance, or in wholly overthrowing them. "I wonder if" is a form of expression which has long been used by all classes, learned and unlearned, and has come to be one of our recognized and correct modes of speech.

READER.—Those who have attained full growth without the proper expansion of lung, whose chests are narrow and chest capacity small, cannot hope to acquire the lung capacity of those who, well formed to begin with, have treated their lungs well. Throwing back the shoulders and taking full inspirations is one of the best modes of expanding the lungs. Unless a clear, full breath can be taken without any inconvenience no person, however fine-looking, can consider himself healthy. Avoid over-exertion and always breathe through the nose.

NO NAME.—The Israelites were the "the people of God"; all outside their nation were "heathen." The "Israelites" and the "Hebrews" were the same. They were "Jews." Certain of the tribes were lost—that is, did not reassemble after captivity; and it is thought by some that to these lost tribes the English people belong. The Philistines, the Midianites, the Egyptians, etc., were the "Gentiles." The Pharisees and Sadducees were religious sects of the Jewish people. The Romans were Gentiles. "The communion of saints" means the community or brotherhood of faithful Christians.

W. T.—The use of eggs at Easter symbolizes the springing forth of life in spring, also the Resurrection. The custom is ancient. The Jews used eggs at the Passover, and the Persians present each other with colored eggs at the solar New Year (March.) There are various myths connected with the practice. 2 Calendar moon is the time of the rising or setting of the moon given in the calendar; that is to say, the time by clock, or mean time. 3 The Chinese Emperor is the "Son of Heaven" and his people are his children. The kingdom is thus a celestial one, and its people may be called "Celestials."

BLACK WATCH.—The "Black Watch" of Scottish song and verse was so called because organized to preserve peace and prevent robberies by night in the Northern counties of Scotland. It consisted originally of six companies, but was formed into a regiment in 1739. A former regulation was that all its members should be Highlanders, but in later years owing to the seizing of Scottish soil for gentlemen's parks and deer chases, and the consequent scarcity of tillable land, the sons of Scotland departed for other climes to such an extent that the Black Watch Regiment degenerated into hired soldiers, largely from England and Ireland.

P. L. M.—Mason and Dixon's line was so called from Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two engineers who surveyed the boundary line as at present existing between Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. The line was first fixed at the 40th parallel, but this was found later to cut Philadelphia out of Pennsylvania, and accordingly Mason and Dixon, in 1763, resurveyed it, and rectified the error arising from British royalty's ignorance of American geography. The reason for the circular boundary line between Delaware and Pennsylvania was the wording in the old Penn grant that it should describe an arc having a twelve-mile radius, with the courthouse at New Castle, Del., as the centre. During the anti-slavery discussion Mason and Dixon's line became synonymous and often confounded with the 36 deg. 30 slave line fixed by the Missouri Compromise.

PUBLIC.—There are, no doubt, many people who fail as public speakers simply from fear and want of resolution, and not from lack of the requisite mental ability. At the same time the notion that anyone, with practice, may acquire the ability to speak moderately well is a great mistake, for everyone has met with people whose wits move too slowly to enable them to bear themselves well even in conversation. Whether you have the natural capacity corresponding with your ambition we cannot, of course, say. But if you have—and you should only be convinced of the contrary by repeated failure—the best advice we can give to you is, "Practice, practice practice." More rhetoric you may leave to take care of itself. Say what you have to say with naturalness; and if you imitate another's style, let the imitation be unconscious. As to composition, read standard speeches and works, and make a careful study of the rules of grammar.